The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XIX AUGUST, 1932 No. 8

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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 August, 1932 No. 8

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Believe in Yourself

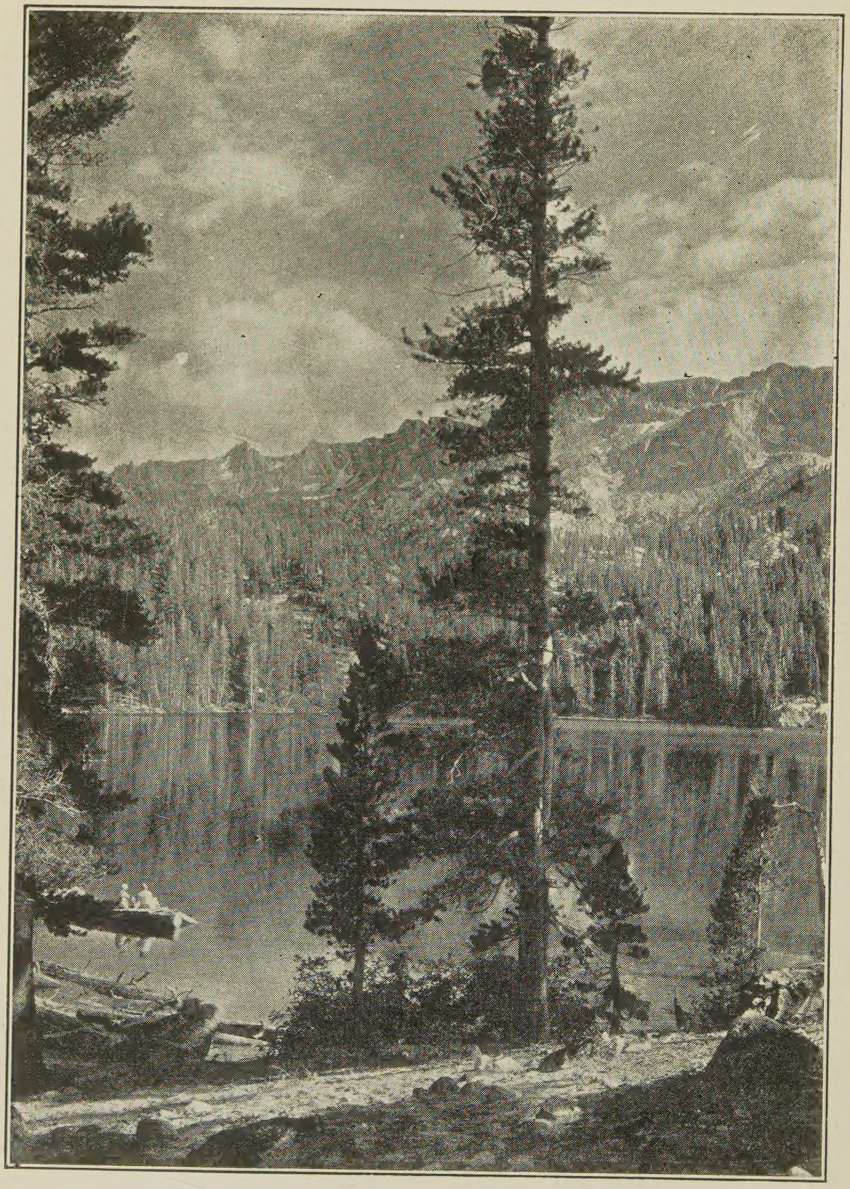
By Bertha A. Kleinman

Believe in yourself though your failings be legion,
Believe though you stumble each step you pursue,
No matter your chances, your station, your region—
Believe in yourself and the world believes too.

Believe in your powers, they are not inferior,
Let nothing belittle your might to achieve,
Your will and assertion will make them superior,
And others will trust in you when you believe.

Believe in your birthright, no other can claim it,
Nor destiny foil it of measure and worth,
Believe in your calling—let others defame it—
The call is for you and no other on earth.

Believe in your future, no past can assail you,
Believe in your vision, dream nobly and true,
Forgive and forget every chance that would fail you,
Believe in yourself and your vision is true!



Pictorial California

BEAUTY SPOT IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIX AUGUST, 1932 No. 8

Literature in the Home

By Elsie C. Carroll

SLOGAN

A poem a day
To keep stagnation away.

"I THOUGHT life could be made more interesting if I mixed a little poetry with my dish-washing," said a middle-aged housewife to the teacher of a class in literature for which the busy mother had registered. "I find that if I schedule my work properly I can get a little work of this kind in without neglecting anything important and it gives me an incentive to get through my housework so I can enjoy this mental treat."

If all homemakers had the foresight of this mother there would be no foundation for such criticisms as the following which came from an eminent lecturer:

"The housewife allows herself to stagnate mentally. She becomes so mentally inferior through intellectual laziness that at the age of forty she would be unable successfully to undertake a college course. It is a fact to be deplored that, generally speaking, the home woman is less mentally alert than other women who have not been married or been homemakers for a number of years. As a class homemakers are less interested in public affairs, less keenly alive than women who have made careers for themselves in other professions."

Whether or not this critic is justified in these accusations is not the point of the present discussion. Of one thing all women will be certain: That the homemaker even more than the woman in any other profession *should* be mentally alert and keenly interested in all phases of life in order to do her job properly.

We like to think of the home as the fountain from which flows all that is noblest and best in life. To be this it must include within its influences those things which have to do with the mind and the spirit quite as much as things that contribute merely to the physical well-being of the family group.

The trouble lies in the fact that homemakers too often allow their whole universe to be bounded by "the price of butter, how Susie's dress is to be made, and what Mrs. Jones said about the Browns." They do not separate as men do, and as women in the other professions do, their day's work from their after-work activities. They need to be aroused to the values of outside interests, of hobbies, of turning their minds into new channels. And one of the most interesting and helpful activities to which the homemaker can turn is to the study of literature.

Literature has been defined as the written record of man's best

thoughts and feelings. It has been called a storehouse of ideals. Through it, when rightly approached, we may find an outlet for our own deepest emotions which we feel but cannot express; we may be led to see new glories in the commonplace things and experiences of life; we may learn to look more deeply and understandingly into the lives and motives of our fellowmen; we may visit far off countries and live in far distant times and become intimately acquainted with innumerable noble characters; we may unconsciously become appreciative of the beauties and powers of our mother tongue and more proficient in its use. In short, if made to function as it should, the study of literature can make our everyday lives vastly more rich and meaningful.

Not every housewife lives near enough a university or a college to avail herself of classes as does the woman mentioned in the first of this discussion. But there are extension classes and correspondence courses open to those not so favorably located. And always there are books, books waiting to give up their treasures at the mere opening of their covers. A determination to gather the wealth offered in the field of literature is all that is necessary.

One busy housewife with the right vision pins a poem or a fine bit of prose to the window curtain above her sink each morning. Then, as she prepares vegetables, or washes dishes with her hands, she lets her mind go journeying far afield into the realm of the spirit.

One morning she pinned to her curtain the following quotation from Moore:

"Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
They come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have long been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

A neighbor who saw it guessed correctly that the little woman whose husband had recently suffered financial reverses of a serious nature, was gathering fortitude from literature to help her through the shadow of one of life's crises.

Frequently on rainy days when her children must play indoors, this mother pins to her curtain some such quotation as this from Ingersoll:

"The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. The sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laughter—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. * * * O laughter, rose lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."

This quotation she says, helps her to hear something besides nerve-wracking noise in the children's play on these rainy days. Sometimes the lines above her sink are choice passages from Shakespeare or the Bible, which she memorizes as she polishes her silver or prepares the vegetables for dinner. Some days the curtain is sprinkled with clever jokes and bits of fine wit and humor.

It is said of Japanese women that they not only study poetry and appreciate it, but that most of them write poetry. One Japanese woman who lives in America has the walls of her kitchen almost lined with little poems she has composed or collected. Most of these consist of terse little gems of a few lines. The following

examples will illustrate the fact that the Japanese poet has made an art of imprisoning within a few words a beautiful image or a profound thought. (How interesting and mentally stimulating it would be for American women to adopt this verse-making pastime.)

"The white iris
And the purple iris
Grow side by side in the pond,
Yet never open their hearts
To each other."

"Today I met a stranger—
Though for ten years I have lived with him."

"Out in the bright spring weather
The other women play with their children.
I pick wild flowers alone."

"A thousand jewels are worthless;
The precious thing is my body—
A gift from my parents."

Literature in the home should extend its helping influence beyond the life of the home maker alone, though of course it will be she who will be responsible to see that it does reach and touch the lives of all the members of the family. Her problem is how to achieve this goal.

One homemaker who has the right vision spends a few hours each week gathering and filing material which she uses in the following manner. Some mornings she serves a short poem at each plate, as an entree, as she calls it. In turn these poems are read, and, the mother leading, the conversation centers upon something brought out in the lines of literature—style, content, the recollection of similar thoughts from other authors, etc. One morning the quotations were all from Browning and included such passages as:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life
For which the first was made;
Our times are in His hands
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half;
Trust God: see all, nor be afraid'."

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go."

"I have lived, seen God's hand
Thro' a lifetime,
And all was for the best."

"The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

With these quotations as a starting point, this tactful mother led the conversation into a spirited discussion of the value of optimism and faith in our every-day lives.

Some mornings, instead of poetry, she serves at each plate a section of a delightful short story. Each section is numbered and is read in its turn. Another day there may be speeches from different characters in a play. As the meal proceeds, a scene from the drama is repeated, each member assuming his particular character.

This homemaker is not only giving her family a great amount of information about literature, but she is stimulating an interest and an appreciation which will carry on into their individual lives.

The first step toward making literature a part of the home life is, of course, to provide for easy access the world's great masterpieces. This is not an impossibility for even families in the most humble circumstances. Books are so cheap in our day that anyone with a little effort can accumulate a valuable collection of the best poetry, essays, dramas and novels.

One family made out a list of one hundred books they desired to have in their library. Then they decided

to confine all their gifts to each other for the next few years to these books. Mother gave father one of his favorite novels by Dickens for his birthday and another for Christmas. He presented her with copies of her favorite poets—Keats, Shelly, Tennyson and Browning. The children gave each other copies of the best novels and plays of some of the later writers. In a surprisingly short time the family had their hundred books, and they are now on their third "book drive."

To be sure, getting good books into the home is only the first step toward bringing literature into the lives of the family, and a very insignificant step if no further ones are taken. Exposing people to literature is no sure sign that it is going "to take." Many a home boasts of vast shelves of bright new books as fresh and spotless as the day they left the bookstore. But those homes do not know the meaning of the term "literature in the home." Books that have their newness worn off, that show signs of having been read and read again, are really the most valuable books in the world. Their very "dog-earedness" is mute testimony to the good they have done.

How to get the messages of good books into the minds and souls of the family members is the problem confronting the homemaker. The mother who serves poetry and stories and dramas with her meals, as mentioned above, is at least beginning to solve the problem for her family.

Another mother who claims that she realizes the dangers of rewards and punishments has adopted the following reward system in her home. She gives her children fifty cents for every volume of good literature they read. One of her daughters is building up a fund by this means for a trip to Europe. Her oldest son earned part of his college expenses in the same way.

Home evenings can well be devoted to the stimulation of right reading in the home. Some families read together for a few hours one evening each week. It is a natural instinct for us all to desire to share the good things that come to us with those we love. These families enjoy their reading much more because of their sharing it with each other, and because of their conversations and discussions that grow out of such reading, the literature they read becomes much more permanently fixed in their minds.

Literature can be brought into the lives of children through wisely conducted play. Many of our great writers had their love for literature stimulated by the way their parents introduced it into their childhood games. It is said that Browning learned the Iliad and other old classics by heart when he was a mere child through his father's dramatizing these masterpieces with him, letting the dog and the cat and the pony stand for certain of the old heroes.

Once the homemaker is aroused to the value of the study of literature for herself and her family, ingenious ways will present themselves to her mind.

Coming back to the slogan suggested at the heading of this paper, "A poem a day to keep stagnation away," let us see just what might be done with it. The homemaker might adopt the idea either for herself or for her family. Think how much good literature might be absorbed in one year if such a slogan were followed—three hundred sixty-five masterpieces in one year; in ten years three thousand, six hundred

and fifty—a library of the world's best thoughts.

There are various ways in which such a study might be pursued. One might study by authors, or by countries, or by themes. Or one might choose these poems with a different object in mind each day—just to suit the mental or spiritual need of the every-day life. For instance, one day I might long to give expression to some deep emotion such as love, or joy, or homage. Easily I can find a poem to express the pent-up feelings within my heart; if it is love I long to sing, what could be more satisfying than Mrs. Browning's sonnets—any one of them!

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being or ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, of sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

* * * * *

I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life—and if God choose
I shall but love thee better after death."

Or Sara Teasdale's *The Lamp.*

"If I can bear your love like a lamp before me,
When I go down the long steep Road of Darkness
I shall not fear the everlasting shadows,
Nor cry in terror.

"If I can find out God, then I shall find him.
If none can find him, then I shall sleep soundly,
Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me,
A lamp in the darkness."

If I am in a thoughtful mood I may choose for study something like Jean Starr Untermeyer's *Clay Hills.*

"It is easy to mold the yielding clay.
And many shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie shattered and forgotten
in a dingy corner.

"But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock—
I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life
And make one strong thing
And set it in a high clean place,
To recall the granite of my desire."

Or Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet, *To Jesus on His Birthday.*

"For this your mother sweated in the cold;
For this you bled upon the bitter tree:
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold;
A paper wreath; a day at home for me.
The merry bells ring out, the people kneel;
Up goes the man of God before the crowd;
With voice of honey and with eyes of steel
He drones your humble gospel to the proud.
Nobody listens. Less than the wind that blows
Are all your words to us you died to save.
O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy Rose!
How mute you lie within your vaulted grave.
The stone the angel rolled away with tears
Is back upon your mouth these thousand years."

Suppose I adopt this slogan—A poem a day. I might begin Monday with Anna Hemstead Branch's lovely little poem, *Her Words.*

"My mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

"She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

"God wove a web of lovliness
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

"They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

"There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

"They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are."

All day I can keep in the background of my consciousness this little poem as I go about my work. It will recall happy memories of my own mother's words and what they did for me. It will remind me of what my own words may mean to my children and perhaps afford me the needed patience in a moment of weariness to give satisfactory answers to questions my children ask, instead of the sketchy half-answers with which I may be tempted to satisfy them. It will help me to appreciate the beauty and power of my mother tongue and take a greater pride in making my words mean all that they should as a means of enriching life.

Tuesday I might take a beautiful nature poem—an ode from Shelley or Keats or Wordsworth, or something more recent as Patricia Burns Flynn's *Nocturne.*

"Night is so beautiful, I watch it on my knees.
The wind is prayer
Whose ecstasies
Wake to response the leafy lips of trees.
Night is so fair I watch it on my knees.
The hollows turn to goblets kissed
By lips that love the white wine of the mist,
In beauty burn stars guarding my tryst.

"Ah, heap me as you fill
The hallowed cup
Between the hills,
Although it be with woe, Lord heap me up.
With beauty brim me high,
Set me aswing
With love,
For I
With all this wealth of living must needs sing!
Tragic or laughter-light, its melodies
Make life so marvelous, I live it on my knees."

Such nature poems as these and *God's World* by Millay, and Teasdale's *Barter,* make me so conscious of the beauty in the external world about me that I am drawn from my work a few moments now and then to drink in the wonders of God's gifts and caused to forget the tasks that might otherwise seem drudgery.

And so on through the days and the weeks and the months I may continue to make literature do something worthwhile for me. For reading and studying literature, not only gives us passing pleasure, but it helps us to see the world with new eyes and to appreciate it with new hearts.

When we have seen through the poet's eyes the beauty of a sunrise, a mountain peak, a bird song, a child's laugh, enough times, we begin to see these beauties ourselves and the world opens up new stores of wealth for us. When we have looked into the profound depths of life and death and eternity through the poet's soul, something of the meaning of these fundamental phenomena flashes upon our meditative moods and existence takes on a deeper significance. For these reasons, the study of literature should become a part of the daily life of every homemaker.

"By Grace Ye Are Saved"

By Nephi Jensen

THAT the source of all goodness in us is a Power not ourselves is a fact which great and good men have recognized in some way in every age." This profound conclusion is expressed by Dr. Walter Goodnow Everett in his truly great text book, "Moral Values."

St. Paul was one of these "great and good men." He affirmed in the most positive way that our essential goodness is God-inspired. To the Ephesians he declared that even in a moral and spiritual sense we are God's "workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

Lest his followers might fall into the error of thinking that they could, unaided by divine power, attain to moral and spiritual worthiness, he averred that salvation was "not of works lest any man should boast."

These two quotations appear in the same context. They are parts of Paul's exposition of his famous doctrine of salvation "by grace through faith."

After Paul came two great divergent schools of theological thought. Pelagius, the leader of one group, insisted that salvation was by works. St. Augustine, the founder of the other school, affirmed that salvation was essentially by grace.

The failure of these divergent groups to harmonize, as Paul does, deliverance from sin by both grace and works has produced tens of thousands of controversial theological books and pamphlets. Moreover, this lack of comprehension led to the most egregious doctrinal errors and grotesque religious practices.

From over-emphasis of works or outward performances come some of the most silly and revolting practices of the human race. From undue stress on man's part in salvation to the neglect of the inner transformation through heart-purifying faith, came the notion that sacred ordinances, as formal acts in and of themselves had saving efficacy. In Charlemagne's time hundreds of thousands of conquered soldiers were herded to the river by Christian soldiers and forced to be baptized. Like scenes were enacted by the Spanish conquerors of Mexico.

These are extreme illustrations of the worthlessness of religious acts or works, disassociated with heart-transforming faith. The tendency to stress the merely formal side of religion found its most extreme expression in the fifteenth century. At this time Christianity had become so destitute of the inner quickening power that gives validity and vitality to religious ordinances that men sought to obtain immunity from divine punishment for sin by merely complying with a dead formalism.

It was against this empty mechanical sacerdotalism that the great Luther revolted. With his unusual religious insight he detected the utter spiritual destitution of his times. He readily saw that religious acts, ordinances and performances uninspired by a life-giving faith were worse than useless. With the zeal of a real crusader he set to work to reform the church. Disgusted with the worse than dead works of his times he commenced to teach justification by faith. This doctrine became his battle cry. But failing

to understand the New Testament idea of faith, he went to the extreme of holding that "faith alone without works justifies before God."

Other reformers fell in with this fallacy. Calvin, Knox, Wesley and Whitefield all upheld the idea that a mere believing assent to the saving mission of Jesus was the sole requisite to salvation. This doctrine came to be the very cornerstone of Protestantism. It finds its concrete expression in a recent book, "What is the Gospel?" in which we find this language, "What is the faith that saves? It is the simplest thing in the world. Faith does nothing. It just admits that Jesus saves us."

The truth of Paul's doctrine of salvation "by grace through faith" is found neither in dead sacerdotalism nor in the belief of mere passive acceptance of the Saviorhood of the Christ. The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Let us see if we can find this precious truth. To begin with, we must admit that faith is the great eternal saving principle and power; and that this saving power of faith comes to us "by grace." To take any other stand is to deny Paul's positive affirmation.

No matter from what angle we approach faith the conclusion is forced upon us that faith is the moral and spiritual uplifting force of the world. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." In fact no one is moved toward anything that is good, beautiful or true except by the dynamic force of faith. The student trudging up the hill towards the sanctuary of learning is moved by the belief that learning equips him with power to solve life's problems. The artist patiently toiling at his canvas is impelled by the belief that the creation of beauty is one of the noblest of life's endeavors. The saint bending meekly at his shrine is inspired by the heart-humbling belief that holiness is one of the greatest of all possessions. In fact what the tug of gravity is to earth, sun and star, faith is to the human heart. It is the moral and spiritual gravity of the universe.

All intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement is essentially a result of inner transformation. An indolent young man suddenly decides to go to college. What has happened to him? He has been converted. A careless-living person decides to change his habits of life. He goes through this same process of conversion. A grossly materialistic person commences to become deeply interested in the spiritual values of goodness and truth. He experiences a change of heart. It is awakened faith that turns the heart to higher things. Of Alma it was said: "According to his faith a mighty change was wrought in his heart."

Deliverance from the evils that beset the soul comes through conversion, or complete change of attitude; and this conversion comes through faith.

Take another view of faith. Peter, in defending the proclamation of the gospel to the gentiles, said that God "purified their hearts by faith." And so saying he announced a profound truth. Faith is manifestly a purifier of hearts. Let anyone become profoundly convinced that Jesus Christ died for the sins of the world; that He actually rose from the dead and bequeathed to our bodies immortality, and he will be moved to love the Lord with an all-possessing and transforming love. This love for God is the purest thing in the world. It is a complete panacea for all

earth's moral ills. It purges from the heart every evil and debasing desire and leaves in the heart only the pure gold of holy aspirations.

Or, if we think of faith as a subduing or conquering force, we reach the same conclusion that St. John reached: "This is the victory which overcometh the world even our faith." We conquer the foes of the soul by faith-power and not by will-power. In fact, faith is the stuff of which will is made. I cannot say "I will" unless I can say "I can." And I cannot say "I can" unless I can say "I believe I can." Moreover, if I am rightly disposed I will never say "I will" unless I can say "I believe I ought." Soul-stirring faith in the good and true is back of the will that binds evil desires and passions and gives us the complete "victory" over evil which is salvation.

Having agreed with Paul that salvation comes by heart-purifying and victory-giving faith, let us see if we cannot accept his conclusion that it is "by grace" that we receive this saving power of faith. From whence comes this faith? It is not self-generated. It is God-given. Jesus Christ was the "author and finisher of faith." In His person, His sacrificial suffering, His triumphant victory over death, He revealed to the world the majestic personality, the loving goodness and the omnipotent power of God so impressively that He awakens in human hearts the soul-quickening faith that gives man the victory over sin and sinfulness.

He gives us much more than a plan or scheme of human development and progress. He gives us the spiritual power through faith to follow His plan of eternal progress. His gospel is more than a ritualistic formula. It is essentially "the power of God unto salvation."

A simple story will help us understand Paul's philosophy of salvation through God-given power. A traveler on the Sahara Desert became completely enveloped in a blinding sand storm. He lost his way. In his aimless wandering he became exhausted. He fell to the ground through sheer exhaustion and was about to expire. A kind-hearted traveler discovered him. He took from his side a canteen containing cool refreshing water and placed it to the lips of the dying man. A deep draught of the life-giving water revived him. By his new-gained strength he got up and walked home.

Was this man saved by works? Hardly. He was saved by the grace and goodness of the man who gave him the life-giving water. What the refreshing water was to that dying man, faith is to the human soul. Faith literally quickens the heartbeat, revives the soul, nerves the will and gives us the life and power to rise and struggle upward to the eternal home of holiness.

The great reformers and their illustrious successors were right in emphasizing, as Paul does, the all-importance of faith as the eternal saving power. They were right in insisting that this saving power comes to us through the grace of God. Wherein did they err? They erred in their understanding of faith. They thought that faith is a mere passive assent to the Saviorhood of Jesus. They have insisted that "faith does nothing." That this is not Paul's idea of faith is clearly evident from his own exposition of his doctrine of salvation "by grace through faith." He puts the essence of the doctrine into these positive

pungent words: "We are created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

This "creation unto good works" through the righteousness-stimulating power of faith, which is God-given, is the all-important element in the saving process without which salvation is utterly impossible. But the righteous works which grow out of this faith are also indispensable to the attainment of the eternal victory of evil. If the lost traveler had failed to utilize the strength which was given him by the goodness of the friend he would not have arrived home. In his salvation there was a concurrence of the operation of grace-given strength and self effort. If this lost traveler had fallen limp into the arms of his rescuer and said, "You alone can save me," we should have had a picture of the Protestant idea of salvation "by grace." This notion, however, is totally at variance with Paul's conception. The traveler struggling homeward by this grace-acquired strength illustrates Paul's idea of salvation resulting from the spirit of righteousness, awakened in the soul by the power of Christ, expressing itself in humble obedience and continued good works.

The faith which Paul taught is the mainspring of action, the soul of aspiration and the moral and spiritual energy of the world. Like all energy, faith works, works and ever works. In fact faith that does not work is not only dead, but it is not faith at all.

What then does Paul mean when he affirms that salvation is "not of works?" He means that dead works, or works, uninspired by a heart-purifying faith in God, do not transform our lives. Nothing can be so utterly dead and worthless as a means of human emancipation, as religious acts that are not motivated by faith in God. Some years ago an ambitious professional man located in one of the Mormon Utah towns. He desired prestige with his neighbors. It occurred to him that he had better join the church. He was baptized, and ever since his life has been a living contradiction.

Was this man really baptized? Certainly not. And yet he was properly immersed in water by one who had actual divine authority. What was lacking? There was lacking that one all-important essential to the validity and efficacy of religious acts, or works, which Paul so justly emphasizes—living faith in the living God.

The man's baptism was not only "dead works," but an act of actual sacrilege. It was disgusting blasphemy. It was against this worse than dead formalism that Paul inveighs when he iterates and reiterates his noble doctrine of justification by faith.

The noble heights of Paul's philosophy of salvation "by grace" is reached when he asserts that salvation is "not of works lest any man should boast." There is imbedded in these simple words one of the most profound of all moral truths. What is its meaning? We shall be aided in finding it by reverting to the man who got lost in the desert. If this man had by unusual self effort crawled to a spring, drunk some refreshing water, and then walked home he would have "whereof to boast." And that is only a small part of the truth. If he were human he would have actually done the boasting. The folks at home, the neighbors, and all with whom he came in contact would never have heard the last of the heroic achievement.

If he had escaped this peril by his own effort he would of course

have been saved in the sense of being delivered from that one calamity. But he would not have obtained any moral or spiritual victory and spiritual excellence. This conquest of evil and this attainment of spiritual grandeur comes only from love-inspired effort and struggle. The traveler having been saved by utilizing the love-given power of a friend was led to love his savior with that pure love out of which comes all the moral strength and spiritual purity which places us "beyond the power of all our enemies."

Paul's doctrine of human emancipation and ennoblement through God-given power is the cardinal Christian doctrine of moral and spiritual progress which distinguishes the Christian religion from paganism. Pagan philosophers give us splendid moral concepts, noble ethical codes and far-reaching schemes of human advancement. But they do not give us the power or inclination to follow their profound and rigid rules of conduct. It was left for Jesus of Nazareth to bring into the world the quickening power of faith that sensitizes our moral and spiritual natures and gives us the power that drives our hearts towards God and truth.

The preeminence of Mormonism as a saving force in the world consists in its very power to stimulate faith. A Mormon missionary in a conversation with a Church of England Sunday School superintendent asked the Anglican if he knew why modern Christian ministers had so little power. The Anglican responded in the negative and added with fervor, "I would like to know."

"The ministers are trying to save the world without faith," responded the missionary.

"You are right," admitted the Anglican.

And the missionary's conclusion is right. Catholicism, with its ancient gorgeous ritual appeals to the imagination. Protestantism, destitute of both ritual and faith appeals to the emotions. Mormonism with its faith-inspiring new witnesses for Jesus Christ, in the "Book of Mormon," the "Doctrine and Covenants" and the "Pearl of Great Price," appeals to rational faith. And its appeal is marvelously effective. It actually awakens in the hearts of those who can comprehend its splendid credentials that soul-stirring faith in Jesus Christ and in His perfect way of life that impels them to obey Him, and work for Him with that self-sacrificing love that purifies the heart, refines the spirit, ennobles the mind, glorifies the character, and gives that complete victory over the foes of the soul which is the highest achievement and perfect salvation.

"A Garden is a Lovesome Thing"

By Lais V. Hales

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

WE know a garden, now five years old, which is in very truth a "lovesome thing." In it are no rare, costly flowers, but many there are that are precious beyond measure. So many have been given, so few have been bought. Purple lilacs and red peonies, culled from beloved plants at the old home, fill this garden with childhood memories. One plant was carried miles from the home of a friend now dead, while another was planted by baby fingers now grown strong and capable. In this garden there is sweet disorder. The flowers and shrubs have been moved about not so much with the idea of an artistic effect as to find the spot where they will be happiest. Most of the flowers come up year after year and have become old friends. Their promise of color and beauty is remembered and watched for each year. In this garden children play. Friends wonder how children and flowers can thrive together but they do it beautifully. Children soon develop a love and tender interest in flowers. They like to watch the little become big—they sense the mystery and the miracle in it. A garden is a child's best introduction to God.

We all have a creation-old love for growing things. As compensation to those who struggle with the soil nature gives happiness, peace, kinship with God. To get full measure a garden must not be the result of other peoples' knowledge but rather that of hard work and many failures. It must be the expression of the one who loves it and whose spirit it embodies. The size of a garden is no measure of the love expended there. I often think there is more real love in the heart of the one who tends one sprawly lonely rose bush in a wilderness of ugliness, or coaxes into bloom, by sheer longing and love and labor a few scant flowers, than in that of the one who covers acres with gorgeous blooms. Nor does costliness express love in a garden. Bird baths, pools, gravel walks are lovely but not necessary to happiness in a garden, and often express far less love than a simple worn chair placed to catch the lingering and the stain of the sun at going down on a bed of phlox "spending scarlet like a woman."

Peace and kinship with God a garden gives you. When creeds seem too thick along the way, when questions of the life to come molest, a garden is salvation. Lizette Woodworth Reese saw in the growing and the cutting of the grass an emblem of her life, for she says:

"Lord, Love, keep it but so;
Thy purpose is full plain;
I die that after I may grow
As tall, as sweet again."

In winter I have stood at my window remembering a bed of scarlet poppies, and though the clouds and

snowflakes cover, my heart has grown lighter with the thought that:

"Back of these clouds somewhere
Surely there must be Spring."

In a garden the petty things of life drop away. Here life seems good and the tasks worth while. It is the finest place in the world in which to cleanse the mind and soul, and reveal the value of things unseen.

"Her garden, bright with blossoms, stirred by wings,
Made all the tragedies the newsboys call
Seem meaningless, remote, indifferent things.
Though murders, shipwrecks, wars, could not prevail
Against her cloistered peace, yet life brought pain,
Through grief for elm trees crippled by the gale,
And opening roses battered by the rain."

Life is fleeting and beauty passing. We all know this but where is it brought more forcefully home to us than in a garden? Yet linked with this thought is the one that things die that other things may live. So there is no place for sadness in a garden. Enjoy it in reality the short time it is here and then recall it in the day when beauty lies in the past and only the promise of spring remains. Nothing is given complete in this life for—

"God meant me to be hungry,
So I should seek to find
Wisdom, and truth, and beauty,
To satisfy my mind.

"God meant me to be lonely,
Lest I should wish to stay
In some green earthly Eden
Too long from heaven away.

"God meant me to be weary,
That I should learn to rest
This feeble, aching body
Deep in the earth's dark breast."

In this age when the "world is too much with us" I make a plea for gardens—those we work in, live in, dream in. Whoever makes a garden has never worked alone—

"The rain has always found it,
The sun has always known,
The wind has blown across it
And helped to scatter seeds—
Whoever makes a garden
Works hand-in-hand with God."

Ginger

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

GRANDMA HOLT shifted her glasses into reading position and peered at the morning paper avidly, like a spry little bantam hen just sighting a particularly fine grain of corn. Silk stockings, two pairs for a dollar! She thrust her hand into the enormous pocket of her black silk dress and drew out her purse with the eager fingers of a child about to take stock of her pennies with an eye to immediate investment in stick candy. Ninety cents!

Grandma's face fell. Carfare, fifteen cents, stockings, one dollar. It wouldn't balance with the ninety cents, any way you looked at it. She pushed her breakfast plate away from her and hurried upstairs. Sure enough there was Maggie, taking advantage of her absence to do her room.

Grandma bustled into the bedroom and took the duster out of Maggie's hands. "How many times must I tell you, Maggie, that I am entirely able to do my own room," she reproved the maid.

Maggie retrieved the duster, unmoved, and continued to polish the table top. "Mister John's orders, ma'am," she mumbled, for the thousandth time, at least. Grandma sighed, acknowledging defeat, and took refuge in her wing chair, before the fireplace. This idea of John's that to rest one must be allowed to do nothing, was a little trying at times. She looked with distaste at her crochet work, waiting in a basket on the table. Why grandmothers were supposed to delight in crochet work, she never could understand.

She took the newspaper out of her pocket again. "Some nice stockings on sale down at Mallinsons, Maggie," she remarked hopefully.

Maggie blew invisible dust from the intricacies of a Dresden china shepherd. "Now, ma'am, I wouldn't go buying any more stockings if I was you. Your top drawer is full of them," she advised severely.

Grandma folded the paper guiltily. "But they're such a *good* value, Maggie. It seems a shame to miss such a bargain." She glanced out of her window idly, wishing that Maggie were not so stolid, so unimaginative, and so completely boring. Everything was somewhat of a bore, these days.

Suddenly she showed a gleam of interest. "Why, the Porters are having their windows cleaned! This early, too. They must be going to have a party."

"Miss Virginia is giving an Easter party," Maggie vouchsafed grudgingly. You never could tell what ideas news would put in old Mrs. Holt's head, she was that flighty. Why she couldn't read and doze by the fire, as other old ladies did, Maggie could never puzzle out.

The information did put an idea in grandma's head. For a moment she turned it over in her mind, like a pink pearl in a palm, too pleased with its beauty to take action. Then she darted over to a chest of drawers, found a startched gingham apron, and hurried out of the room, her black silk skirts rustling. Maggie went after her anxiously.

"Now I wonder what she's up to," Maggie wondered irritably, "with her memory getting worse every

day, she's worse than a parcel of children to look after."

When she reached the kitchen grandma was already busy at the mixing board. Making cookies again, Maggie surmised. She would have liked to shoo the old lady peremptorily out of the kitchen, back to her room where she belonged, but her authority had its limits.

"Turn the oven on and find me the ginger," grandma ordered importantly. It was good to feel so authoritative again, back at her old job. Maggie turned on the electric oven, grumbling to herself, and then brought the ginger, keeping a weather eye on the cookies. Grandma pretended not to notice the surveillance.

"She thinks I've forgotten that recipe again," she said to herself. As a matter of fact the proportions for the ginger cookies were not very clear in her mind, but she would not consult the cookbook for worlds, now.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but you need only one teaspoon of ginger in them cookies," Maggie could not forbear to advise. Grandma had hesitated, but now she seized the ginger in one hand and a tablespoon in the other.

"Just because I'm old, Maggie, is no reason that my mind has left me," she reproved the maid, "I've made ginger cookies too long not to know what I'm doing." Defiantly she measured three tablespoons of the stinging spice. Maggie shrugged resignedly, and went over to the sink.

"I only hope she eats one of them things herself," she muttered fervently, attacking the pile of dishes angrily.

But grandma had no intention of eating her cookies herself. An hour later she left the spice-laden air of the kitchen triumphantly with three dozen ginger cookies, still warm beneath their coating of sugar, in the little basket on her arm. She hurried upstairs and got herself a sweater. Her plan was simplicity itself. If the Porters were giving a party, they would need refreshments. What could be finer than a heaping plate of Grandma Holt's fine cookies to go with the ice-cream? In the old days, when grandma had made a living for herself and the boys with her cookies people had been glad to pay fifteen cents a dozen for them. When they were sold she would go on to Mallinsons, with money in her purse, for a blissful afternoon scrutinizing bargain stockings. Grandma's cheeks were quite pink with excitement.

The Porter kitchen, across the way, was a hectic center of excitement. Mrs. Porter stood at the table squeezing ornamental frosting through a pastry tube over the tops of cakes. In the breakfast nook. temporarily the sewing room, Anne Porter calmly ruffled layers of tulle on a pink satin underslip. Virginia, her oldest sister, was submerged under a huge pile of table linen at the ironing board. It was on occasions like this when Virginia the sedate, the demure, became the changling, "Ginger." From the top of her red head to the soles of her nervous feet she was taut as a badly tuned violin string, ready to burst into rasping sound at the slightest touch. As she worked the hot iron over the folds of glossy linen she mumbled, "wax floors, get flowers from Callo's, clean the guest room —"

Anne bit off a thread. "Are you trying to lose your mind, Ginger?" she drawled, with a hint of exasperation, "You do everything over a dozen times in your head before

you come to it. No wonder you're a wreck every time we throw a little party."

Virginia reacted to this bit of advice characteristically. She shrieked. Everybody jumped. "You made me burn myself, Anne," she wailed, "I do wish you wouldn't talk to me when I've got so much on my mind."

"Now this is all nonsense, Virginia," Mrs. Porter reminded her firmly, "we've got plenty of time to do everything nicely. I'll send you upstairs to bed if this frenzy of yours keeps up."

Virginia subsided, and daubed her injured hand with Unguentine. "It's too hot in here, that's the trouble," she declared, and opened the window. Down the walk came the clack-clack of heels. Virginia looked up suspiciously. "If that's anyone come to call, it will just burn me up, that's all." The visitor came into view.

"Grandma Holt with some more of her blamed useless cookies," the harassed girl exclaimed, "if she isn't getting to be a perfect nuisance!"

Anger made her voice more shrill than she realized. In vain Mrs. Porter and Anne made frantic motions for silence, swinging their arms and grimacing wildly. Virginia looked from one to the other. "Oh, she didn't hear me," she protested, uneasily.

The footsteps outside wavered a moment, and then proceeded firmly on. The trio in the kitchen waited, straining their ears for the knock at the door, but none came. Mrs. Porter made a final swirl of the pink frosting on the top of her cake with elaborate nonchalance, while Anne, less tactful than her mother, gave vent to an irritating little laugh.

"That may be one way to captivate a prospective grandmother-in-law, but I doubt if the Heart Column would recommend it," she remarked blandly, "in my opinion, if it is worth anything at this late hour, you've put your foot into it this time."

Which astute opinion happened to coincide exactly with the culprit's own, though she could hardly be expected to admit it. Virginia forgot her burned hand, her recent brain-storm, the party, and everything but her too-hasty words, "Surely, she couldn't have heard me," she said.

"Look at that open window. You yelled loud enough to be heard in the next block," answered Anne.

Virginia looked. Suddenly she switched off the iron and fled from the room. "My abominable temper," she wailed.

"Yes, hers and John's, too," Anne added, "between the two of them they will cook up a nice little dish of red hot pepper-pot out of this, or I miss my guess."

JOHN HOLT parked his little car at the curb and ran up the steps of his home two at a time. He was tall, dark, and nervous-looking, with clever gray eyes, and a passion for clearing things up, whether the mess be literal or imagined. He always came home for lunch, though he was usually in such a hurry that it strained his nerves perilously to do so. He could have eaten a better lunch in half the time down near his offices, but with Harold, his brother, still away at college, grandma would get too lonesome.

He took time to hang his hat and coat up carefully, and poked his head through the dining-room door, to greet grandma before he went up to wash. She was always at the table, waiting for his "Hello, grandma. How's tricks?"

No answer today. He went into

the room. Maggie was laying a solitary place. "Where's my grandmother?" John inquired, "Not sick, is she?"

Maggie adjusted the napkin carefully. "No—upset. She says she wants a tray in her room," she explained with her customary terseness. "Will you want cocoa or milk?" She always asked this, and then served what she happened to have prepared.

John always answered, "Just what you have ready, Maggie." Now he hurried upstairs to the big front room.

Grandma sat in the cretonne-covered wing chair before the fireplace. She was knitting furiously, and having a violent, soundless argument with herself to the accompaniment of a great many emphatic nods. There was a suspicious redness about her bright blue eyes.

"Well, g r a n d m a, what's the trouble," John asked cheerfully, with the false briskness one sometimes assumes when speaking to a child. Grandma snorted, and continued her soundless argument.

"I guess maybe I *am* an old nuisance," she muttered, finally, "all old folks are old nuisances."

John came over and put his arm across her shoulders, "Why grandma, you know you are the most important person in this house," he said soothingly.

"Your h'ity-t'ity young l a d y across the street doesn't think so," Grandma observed crisply, and then had recourse to her handkerchief again.

John straightened. "You can't mean that it's Virginia who has hurt your feelings!"

"I don't wonder it surprises you," Grandma quavered.

A surprised and angry glint shone in John's serious grey eyes. He kissed grandma and helped her up from her chair. "Now come down and have some lunch with me," he urged, "and we'll see about this business later."

That night after dinner John rang the Porters' doorbell. He dreaded the impending interview, but it would never have occurred to his scrupulous soul not to seek it. John's sense of the ridiculous was very rudimentary.

Anne answered his ring, and went to call Virginia, a demure grin struggling about her mouth. "It's Nemesis, darling," she informed her sister, "you'd do well to make your last will and testament before you go into the awful presence."

Virginia did hasty things to her hair. "How does he look?" she asked anxiously.

"Like righteous and avenging indignation in its most virulent form," Anne assured her seriously.

Virginia was very fond of John, but owing to Anne's not always unmalicious suggestions, she was quite aware of his faults. "Righteous indignation indeed," she muttered, "if he had been pestered with those cookies as much as we have, there'd be very little he wouldn't say." She had been framing sincere little speeches of apology for grandma all afternoon, but with Anne's announcement her meekness vanished like a puff of smoke, so it was in no conciliating frame of mind that she confronted her sweetheart.

But John won an unconscious step toward peace at once by suggesting that they take a little walk. Virginia glanced at a suspicious rustle of the library portieres and agreed fervently. They walked on in silence until they reached a little park.

"It's nice here," John suggested nervously, "let's talk here."

Virginia shivered a little. "Ugh," she protested, "you sound as though I were due for a curtain lecture."

John did not so much as smile. "I don't know if you know much about my childhood," he began abruptly, "but I'll have to tell you before you can appreciate what my grandmother means to me."

Virginia said nothing. She realized cannily that if she responded she would put herself on the defense at once. She resented John's procedure the more keenly because she knew that she was a great deal in the wrong.

"Life never has been easy for grandmother," John continued, twisting clover heads from their stems as he sat on the grass. "She just got her own family raised when my father and mother were drowned. She had to take Harold and me, then. We were so young and hungry—and she was so tired of struggling.

"She hadn't any money, so she started making cookies to sell. My brother and I—well—we sold them from house to house after school." He paused, a familiar sense of ancient outrage reddening his face even now, after all the years, at the memory of his early imagined humiliation.

Virginia made an involuntary murmur of sympathy, the vision of two very serious-eyed little boys struggling with their fierce, however false, young pride to peddle cookies, rising before her.

John continued. "It wasn't long before grandma—bless her heart—saw how we hated it, and she managed to go out and get them all sold before we got home from school. We did our best to make her let us do it, but she wouldn't. We were just youngsters, though—I guess we didn't try any too hard. Her ginger cookies helped me through college—with what I earned myself."

"How proud you must be of her," Virginia exclaimed impulsively.

"Yes—of her," John told her fiercely, "but ginger cookies! I hate the sight and smell of them. I wouldn't let her sell another cookie for all I ever expect to be worth!"

The words brought Virginia up sharply as a dash of cold water. Her explanation was snatched from her, neatly and entirely. Grandma, evidently, was indulging a surreptitious impulse when she made and sold ginger cookies to her neighbors now. Nobody but a cad could give the poor old soul away to her stern, adoring tyrant of a grandson. Virginia smiled wryly to herself, and attempted to swallow this dose with what grace she could muster.

"You see," John said, appeal in his eyes, "how it is. I—I couldn't bring her a granddaughter who did not love her." He did not mention the afternoon's occurrence, nor did he need to.

Virginia sat silent, still. She could have cried with ease and a certain amount of pleasure just now, but she could not say a word.

"As long as she lives," John argued desperately, "I am going to make her as happy as I can. Why, she doesn't have a thing to do now. She doesn't even have to handle a penny of money. Everything is done for her to make her last years as easy as possible."

He said this last with a sort of naive pride. Virginia gasped. Certain things began to be clear to her. Here this goose of a man sat boasting of not letting his beloved grandmother handle money! No wonder grandma rebelled and went back to her cookies—the sure money-makers of her younger days. The poor

dear! Never a penny of her own to spend. The girl choked back a sound somewhere between a laugh and a sob.

"You mean—you can't mean that you never let her have any money, John!"

"Of course not," John replied with dignity, "she can have money any time she asks for it."

Shades of ancient slavery! The poor old lady had to *ask* for every cent she wanted now, after a lifetime of staunch independence. All at once Virginia's calm returned to her. She had lost, but in such a cause! She would never give grandma away now.

"I know what you are trying to say," she told John gently, "and I am sorrier than you will ever know, about it—but I can't make any explanations." She rose to her feet.

John was white. "You mean to say—you did say it—that this is all?"

"That is for you to decide," Virginia told him, and walked quickly away.

IT was late when John got in that night. He had walked several miles out into the country after Virginia left him, and at the end of it he was no wiser in the affair than when he started. Grandma heard him come in, but wisely decided to give no indication of it.

At breakfast she wondered, discreetly half-aloud, as though talking to herself, what worried the boy.

John was in no mood for parrying, so he answered promptly, "Virginia and I have—broken up."

Grandma was dismayed. She had not considered the affair of such great moment, herself. In her day, engaged people stayed engaged, regardless of occasional flurries. She wondered guiltily if her feelings had been too tender, but the memory of yesterday's humiliation returned to fortify her. A girl who would say such things about her old neighbor was not the girl for John. Then, in the midst of her regrets another thought startled her. If the affair had been discussed, by now John would know about her perfidy. He would know that she had been dragging his pride, his brand-new young lawyer's pride, in the dust with her humble trade. She waited nervously for his reproach, but none came.

Unable to stand the suspense, she inquired bravely, "Did she say why she said those rude things?" While she waited for John's answer she sighed at the thought of the good bargains she would have to renounce forever after.

"No. She wouldn't explain anything at all." John pointedly returned to his hot rolls, and buttered them with unnecessary vigor.

Grandma had difficulty in grasping this. "You're sure—she didn't say why I happened to be over there?" Her old hands trembled suddenly.

"No. She didn't say anything," John repeated with obvious patience, "and if you'd just as soon, grandma, let's not talk about it any more."

Grandma returned to her sunny front room in a very puzzled frame of mind. She moved her chair to the big window and watched the Porter house with a mixture of guilt and defiance. Presently Virginia came out in a green smock and a wide hat and began to dig with a trowel in her tulip bed under the dining-room window. Evidently the preparations for the party no longer interested her. Such a pretty thing as she was, grandma thought admiringly, and so considerate, when she took time to think. Not mentioning those cookies to John, for

instance. It was a pity her tongue was so quick.

Grandma picked up her knitting and sighed. The knitting had hidden the ill-fated basket of cookies. She looked at them a moment and then took one into her hand to contemplate it further, frowningly. It was a long time since she had had a taste for sweets, but now she bit into the brown cake generously. A few chews, and her expression became mildly startled, then thoroughly distressed. Hastily she went down stairs to the kitchen sink and drank copiously of water. Maggie was busy with pies at the pastry board.

"I must have used a little too much ginger in those cookies," grandma confessed, "they—really, they quite seared my mouth."

"Yes, ma'am," Maggie assented stolidly, "you been using about nine times too much for a long time. You musta forgotten the recipe. I guess nobody's been able to eat 'em."

Then grandma had *her* moment of insight, and faced it bravely. Those poor Porters, smilingly accepting, and what was worse, paying for cookies they couldn't eat. Week after week! Grandma flushed. Nuisance! Why of course she had been a nuisance.

With trembling fingers she adjusted her shawl, and dabbed at her eyes. She hurried across the street, and presently, arm in arm with Virginia, walked up and down the brick garden path until certain urgent things had been said.

At noon she greeted John at the door. "Don't come in. You go right over and make it up with that wonderful girl across the street. How I could ever have been so hasty I don't know."

John blinked. "You mean—that you were mistaken about being insulted?" He felt like a bewildered cockle-shell riding helplessly on the waves of these women's misunderstandings.

"Yes—no, that is, she didn't mean me at all, only those old—. Well, never mind. I was such an old silly I didn't take the time to find out what it was all about."

But John did not hear this last. He was already half way across the street. Grandma watched him anxiously. She did hope he wouldn't blunder, and would patch up things to everybody's satisfaction. But then, with a girl who was so understanding about bargain sales, and who was going to fix up that matter about an allowance for grandma to spend all her self, any time she wanted to, she felt that everything would be all right. So she went straight up to her room and returned with a certain basket containing two dozen and eleven cookies and consigned them without a regret to the garbage can.

Apple Bark Tea

By Ruth Rowland

HERE'S your lunch, Briant. I do wish the farm was closer so you could come home and have a hot meal at noon. I had to give you salt-rising bread today, but I'm going over to Aunt Jane's and get a start of yeast so I can bake this afternoon. Emma Lou will have to stay here while I go. I'm keeping her out of school one more day. I don't want anyone to say we helped spread the measles," said Nancy earnestly.

Her husband smiled, "It's good to see the child well again. She was mighty sick. How the little tike has grown. We were measuring last night and she comes up to my vest pocket."

"Yes, she's big for her age, and to think what a dot of a baby she was when mother died, and you said she could come and live with us. How wonderful you've been, a regular father to her!" Nancy laid her hand affectionately on his rough coat sleeve.

He placed his large hand over her tiny one, "And what about you as a mother? She thinks there is no one in the world like her 'Nana'."

She lingered at the kitchen door as he walked across the porch. There he paused and looked at the blossom-laden apple tree at the corner of the house. As he looked he took off his hat and a radiance of the beauty he gazed on lighted his face. He motioned for Nancy to come to his side, and slipped his arm about her, "That beautiful apple tree just seems part of home to me. I'll have to count it along with you and Emma Lou as my very special treasures." With a smile and a kiss he was gone.

Nancy hurried into the house and opened the door at the foot of the stairs, "Emma Lou, Emma Lou," she called, "What's the matter? Why don't you come down? Remember you're well now, no more late mornings in bed. Hurry up, I want to curl your hair before I go over to Aunt Jane's."

"All right. I'll be there in a minute. I'm all dressed but buttoning my shoes. Where's the button hook?"

"Look under the bowl on the wash-stand, and do be careful, I hate to sew on shoe buttons."

Nancy swept the rag rug, and wiped off the stove, before Emma Lou appeared. She stepped outside the door, took the tin wash-basin from its place on the wash-bench, half filled it with water, and then sat patiently with comb and brush in hand.

"Now let's hurry and get your hair done. I'm glad it's naturally curly."

"So am I, for I'd hate to have it done up on rags like Mary's. Too hard to sleep on bumps."

"You'll get a bump if you don't hold still," said Nancy as she smoothed a lock of hair around her finger with the dampened brush. At last the ringlets were in place.

"Now sit on this chair and hold your head still for five minutes, then your hair'll be dry. Look after the house and don't get in any mischief while I'm away." She took a tin pail from the cupboard, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went down the garden path cross lots to Aunt Jane's.

Five minutes was a long time to sit still. Emma Lou looked at the

clock on its high wall shelf and for one long minute watched the pendulum swing back and forth. Then her eyes wandered around the room. She wondered how they made all the holes in the tin panel doors of the food cupboard—stars and circles with flowers in the center. She started to count the holes but soon lost track. Just as the five minutes were up there was a knock at the door and she ran to see who was there. It was Mrs. Neeley who lived down the block.

"Where's your Aunt Nancy?" she asked.

"She's gone over to Aunt Jane's to get some yeast."

"My, I'm sorry. I can't wait. Stella is very sick, and Grandma Smith said if I would make some tea with apple bark, it'd do her good. I felt sure I could get some from your Aunt Nancy."

"Oh, I can get you some bark. Just wait 'till I get the butcher knife." As Emma Lou came out of the door with the knife, she looked down the long path to the apple orchard, then over at the tree at the end of the house. "I'll get you some of this bark," she said.

The knife was sharp. The bark peeled off easily and soon Mrs. Neeley had a generous supply. With hurried thanks she disappeared.

"My, won't Nana be glad I was home," thought Emma Lou as she ran down the path and excitedly told her of what she had done.

"What tree did you get the bark from?"

Something in Nana's voice warned Emma Lou that all was not right.

"Why—why the tree by the porch," she answered slowly.

"Not Uncle Briant's favorite tree?" Without waiting for an answer Nana hurried to the apple tree. Sorrowfully she viewed the damage. There it stood, wounded perhaps to the point of death. As she walked toward the kitchen door she turned angrily on Emma Lou, "You're a naughty girl, the minute Briant comes home you must bring him out here and show him just what you have done." Then she disappeared through the doorway.

Like a blow the words had struck the child. She had expected praise for a good deed and now she realized that she had done something to hurt Uncle Briant. And she must tell him about it. What would he say? She could never remember his having scolded her, and now Nana seemed sure he would.

Quietly she sat down on the porch step in a strange world of sadness. After a while Nana came to the door, "Take this basket and see if you can find some eggs."

Emma Lou went down to the barn and looked in the manger where the brown hen had her nest, but there were no eggs. She went over by the hay stack. There sat a white hen on her nest. Emma Lou scared her away and took three of the four eggs, leaving one for the nest egg. She lingered on the far side of the hay stack, for from there she could not see the apple tree.

"Emma Lou, Emma Lou, what's the matter? Don't you know I'm waiting for those eggs."

She went back up the path turning her head aside so as not to see the apple tree, but it was no use, she seemed to see it whether she looked at it or not.

In the afternoon Mary came over. They went out on the front porch and played house with their rag dolls. The trouble of the morning was forgotten.

Mary said, "Let's play my little

girl is sick. You be the doctor and tell me what to do for her."

The doll was tucked in its bed, and Emma Lou knocked on the porch post. Answering the knock, Mary said, "How do you do, Dr. Brown? Come in and see my little girl. She is dreadfully sick. What had I better give her?"

Applebark tea, applebark tea. That was all Emma Lou could think of, so she answered, "This is no fun, let's play something else."

Mary thought a minute then said, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's go round to the swing and see if we can work up 'til we touch the apple blossoms." Emma Lou shook her head.

"Oh, you make me tired. What's the matter with you? You won't do anything. I'm going home." She reached for her doll, hurried up the path and slammed the front gate.

The long day was almost gone. Emma Lou had been knitting her daily twenty rounds on a wool stocking.

"Twenty times round seems a lot, Nana, but it doesn't make the stocking much longer."

"Put it away, dear, and set the table for supper, while I go to the well for some fresh water."

Emma Lou went to the cupboard drawer, got out a red and white checkered table cloth, and after some difficulty spread it on the table. Then in the center she placed the silver caster that looked so grand with its tall bottles for pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard. Smiling she gave the caster wheel a push and the bottles went gaily sailing round and round.

Just then Uncle Briant came through the door. At sight of him the smile faded, and she turned her head away.

"Well, how's my best girl tonight?" He caressingly put his fingers under her chin, lifting her face towards his. The deep trouble in those upturned eyes startled him.

Just then Nana returned, and he asked, "What's the matter with the child?"

"Come and she'll show you."

Uncle Briant took Emma Lou's hand and Nana led the way to the apple tree. They stopped and viewed the damage. Nana broke what seemed a long silence, "Tell your uncle how it happened."

Emma Lou tried to speak. The words just wouldn't come.

"Nana, what is the child trying to tell me?"

"She's trying to tell you what happened while I was away. I told her she must tell you. When I remembered this morning and the look on your face when you said this apple tree was one of your treasures I just couldn't stand to think it might die."

He glanced down at Emma Lou, and now the words fairly tumbled out. "I did the best I knew how, Uncle Briant. Mrs. Neeley said Stella was awful sick and she wanted some apple bark to make her better. I didn't mean to hurt the tree. Honest I didn't. I just wanted to help. The tree won't die, will it?" She looked appealingly up into his eyes. The tender understanding she saw there dispelled the shadows that had made the day so dark. Slowly he answered her question, "If the apple tree dies, we'll plant a new one to take its place. It's not hard to find a new apple tree, but even Nana couldn't tell me anyone to take the place of our little girl who did the best she knew how."

And even the apple tree seemed to understand, for it sent a shower of perfumed petals on the upturned face of the smiling child.

A Trip to Bermuda

By Alice D. Moyle

BEING in New York, needing a vacation, and reading the alluring advertisements of a trip to Bermuda at such reduced rates was too much to withstand, and in company with Mrs. R. W. Young, who shared my enthusiasm, we, with scarcely an adieu to our family, were on our way. We secured passage on the new and splendid liner—"Monarch of Bermuda"—a most luxurious boat, boasting of two swimming pools, a bath room for every state room; sun parlors and glassed-in nooks and corners everywhere, the last word they say, in passenger boats.

After a sail of forty-six hours we arrived at Bermuda, a series of tropical coral islands about six hundred miles from New York, and about the same distance East of South Carolina. There are about a hundred islands all told, only about sixteen are inhabited, the rest are just barren coral reefs. It is the oldest self-governing colony in the British Empire and still holds to many of its ancient traditions and customs. There are no motor cars, no billboards and no factories. There is a parliament which as a law making body is second in age only to the parliament of England. Only about one-half of the population of thirty thousand is white, descendants of early English settlers. The colored population speak with a perfect English accent, quite in contrast to our southern colored people.

During the three hundred years of its colonization, these islands have changed but little, and one soon feels the let down of its quiet shores. Standing at the water's edge as we entered the picturesque inlet of Hamilton Harbor, is the city of Hamilton, the one and only fairly large city of Bermuda. This city is most quaint and one of its principal streets runs along the shore. A horse drawn Victoria is the principal mode of travel. One rides through the narrow white streets, with their interesting shops, their parks, and gardens of beautiful flowers in which the flora of England, and the poinsetta, and palms of the tropics blend so beautifully and everywhere in sight is the wonderful ocean ever changing blue-green, turquoise and indigo. The air is soft and balmy; the rolling green hills in the background, dotted with the pale coral stone houses with their white roofs, which is so typical of Bermuda, and the winding roads, glisten in the sunlight.

There are magical caves within a short ride that burrow far under the hill, whose crystal shiny stalagmites and stalactites form almost unbelievably beautiful caverns with the ocean water, clear as crystal, sometimes twenty-five feet deep, ebbing and flowing in and out of this fairyland, with the tide.

Elba Beach, one of the most beautiful beaches in Bermuda is unsurpassed for its coloring. The turquoise blue water, and the fine pink coral sand makes one feel it is too much of a picture to be real.

The town of St. George at the other end of the island has a wonderful harbor, and is a very quaint old town. It is not very well kept up. There is a large hotel there,

however, and wonderful golfing and I can think of nowhere, where one might get away from the hustle and bustle of New York better than in the sleepy old town of St. George.

Bermuda offers wonderful days of leisure and enjoyment. Lazily driving along roads lined with oleanders and roses, or reclining in easy chairs, on the porches of the fine hotels, enjoying the soft ocean breeze, or if exercise is needed, or recreation, one may try the bicycle, which seems to be the favorite sport. Everybody cycles in Bermuda up and down those splendid roads. One may also indulge in most any recreational hobby he desires.

Bermuda seems to flourish mostly on tourist trade though some early vegetables and flowers are shipped and lily bulbs exported. The Bermuda onion which we hear so much about is raised there, but not very extensively. There are no fresh water springs. What fresh water isn't shipped in, is obtained from the rainfall.

The five days we were alloted for our visit slipped by all too soon and we very reluctantly took our departure. Mark Twain, speaking of the trip to Bermuda says: "One has to go through hell to reach heaven." We realized to some degree evidently what Mark Twain experienced, and we certainly learned what those startling words mean—"a storm at sea." After we had left Bermuda a few hours we encountered a storm. For five or six hours, we were literally thrown around. Huge waves washed over the ship, water leaked through the ceiling of the salon. The dining room and kitchen were bedlams, and were finally closed. Dishes and food were thrown everywhere, Tables and chairs were thrown across the room and reduced to kindling wood. The ship, big and fine as it was, fairly shook in the force of the gale. Passengers were unable to stand or sit without some support. Several people were cut and injured, and all showed rather anxious, subdued faces for several hours. However, the storm finally subsided after midnight, and the next day the Monarch of Bermuda, serenely glided into New York Harbor with only a cargo of broken dishes and furniture, and a few bruised passengers to tell the tale.

Could We Know

If we could know our neighbor's soul,
How sincerely he has sought the goal,
Less scathing judgment we would dole—
Me Thinks.

—*Julina B. Green.*

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

By I. B. McKenzie

THE lunch dishes were done and Mary Lewis was fastening her lace collar when the doorbell rang. She hastened to admit her next door neighbor.

"Were you going out, Mary?" Claire hesitated on the threshold.

"No, indeed, come in, Claire. I am hoping to get in a full afternoon at my sewing. I made up my mind this morning that I would get those pieces for the layette finished. I brought it home the week before Christmas and I just must take it back next Tuesday."

"Oh, I am so glad! That is just what I have brought over to work on! I felt a little lonely, and when I saw the children having such a good time in your yard, the idea came to me that I, too, could have a nice time if I brought my hand sewing over. I wonder who has the other pieces?"

"Wasn't it Allie Stewart? I know she is crocheting bootees. I'll call her up and ask her to come over."

Soon Mary returned to say that Allie was coming right over, and little Phil and Alice could play with the others.

While the children laughed and shouted the busy tongues of the mothers kept time with their nimble fingers. Each had laughable incidents to relate. They discussed the different departments of the Relief Society, the beautiful quilts turned out by Sister Anne and her tireless workers

Soon the children got cold and came in to play school in the cozy kitchen. Mary's little daughter ran in to say, "Oh, mother, go to the window and see the dandy soldier Joe Ashby made in front of our snow fort! It's just perfect. Joe's coming in to play with us."

There was a doubtful look on Allie's face as she asked, "Do you like to have that child play with your children, Mary?"

"I couldn't turn him away, Allie. He isn't really a bad child at heart, and you know his parents don't take much pains teaching him. They don't always set him a very good example."

Soon the children were deep in the ever fascinating game of school. After awhile chairs were pushed about, and angry voices floated in from the kitchen. Mary's little Ruth was shouting above the others.

"Joe Ashby, you are the meanest boy in the world! You always spoil everything. You never mind anyone, not even your Sunday School teacher."

"Aw, who cares?" was the cross retort. "Nobody else ever minds anything that's said in the meeting-house! Your mother is as bad as anyone!"

"Don't you dare say anything about my mother! She's as good as good."

"Oh yeah?" said Joe. "Well, I was at meeting when President Black and her husband both said that every woman should have respect for God when she comes into His house and take off her hat. Lots of the ladies took off their hats, but your mother just kept her's on. I bet she hadn't combed her hair that day, and she dassen't."

When the quarrel began, Mary half rose from her chair, but she

sank back with a little gasp, and now she sat, grim faced, flushed and speechless. As Joe finished there was a chorus of "oh's" and "shame," from the children. Ruth's hysterical voice cried:

"Here's your coat and cap, you hateful boy! Don't ever come here again, and don't speak to me ever, ever, ever, ever."

This roused Mary, and she quickly crossed to the door and opened it. The room was in confusion, but on the blackboard were birds flying, and life-like animals.

"Who is the artist, children?" asked Mary.

"Joe," came in a somewhat sullen chorus.

"I think you have a great talent, Joe," said Mary gently. "You will do big things with it some day."

"But Mother, Joe is just the meanest—" began Ruth, but her mother's uplifted hand checked the words.

"Boys, will you pick up the papers and put the chairs in their places? Ruth will get her little tea-set and Beth and Alice can set the table. Joe, will you come to the basement to help me get some apples and jam for the party?"

At the foot of the stairs Mary pulled the boy to her side.

"God bless you, little Joe," she said, "May you never be ashamed to tell the truth. It *is* just as bad for grown ups to disobey as for little folks. From today let us both go into the house of the Lord determined to learn and obey all the laws of God and our country and to comply with requests made by those in charge."

When the children were happily enjoying their party, Mary brought a plate of cookies and apples into the living room. As she took her seat she said:

"Well, girls, Joe was right, and he taught me a lesson. No one will ever be able to say that of me again."

Claire said, "At the last Relief Society meeting there were seventy ladies present, and forty-seven of them kept their hats on, for I counted them."

"And I was one of the forty-seven," said Mary. "Well, I think this has been a very profitable afternoon. Our layette is ready for some needy mother, and the bad boy of the neighborhood has taught me a lesson that I shall not forget. How can children be expected to obey if their parents do not set them the example? Obedience in small things lays the foundation for obedience in greater things. Truly, 'A little child shall lead them'."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SUMMER-TIME! Nature in green loveliness holds out her hand laden with gifts from orchard, field and stream. She calls to the woods, the hills, the seashore or the shade of a friendly tree.

EVANGELINE BOOTH, of the Salvation Army was the first woman ever designated to make the opening prayer at a national political convention. She will be the only woman remembered as a participant in the great national conventions of 1932—remembered not for party affiliation but for her remarkable prayer, invoking Divine guidance in these days of doubt and distress.

HELEN KELLER, bravely advances in education. She received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Glasgow University this summer.

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER recently received her seventh honorary degree since becoming the nation's first lady. The degree of Doctor of Letters of Humanity was conferred by Wooster College, Ohio, in recognition of her social service work.

FLORENCE ALLEN was signally honored when the New York University conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Law. She is the first woman to receive this honor from that University.

DR. ESTELLE FORD WARNER of the United States Public Health Service in a recent address said: "Our national situation in regard to maternal deaths is far from the condition of which to be proud. We still lose about one mother to every 140 babies born. Still many question the need for a successor to the Shepherd-Towner bill.

MRS. ANNIE W. GOODRICH, dean of Yale University, school of nursing, holds the nurse profession of such importance that it should be included in the curricula of all American Universities.

MRS. YNES MEXIA of the University of California has returned from a two year sojourn in the jungles of South America with 60,000 specimens of plants and flowers for American museums.

MISS MARY TALMAGE, pioneer in girls' educational work in the Orient, died this summer at Amoy, China, where her great work was carried on.

FASHION'S newest color is ice blue, a hint of the light cast by diamonds, popular for evening and formal afternoon gowns.

WE BEGIN," by Helen Grace Carlisle, was the selection for July of the Book League of America.

JENNY NEWSTEAD," a mystery story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and "Inheritance" by Phyllis Bently, two English authors, are announced by American publishers for September.

A PRINCESS IN EXILE," further memories of Marie of Russia, is issued this August. These personal reminiscences relating to the tragic experiences of the World War and its aftermath are most enlightening and worth while to those interested in modern Russia.

—Courtesy Pictorial California.

SUNSET THROUGH THE CLOUDS AT THE SEASIDE

Somber, yet beautiful, these rain clouds darken the sunset hour at Palos Verdes, California, reminding one of the quotation from that famous "Rain poem"—

"The cold, old world lay sere and brown
About our town;
The ocean wailed, the sunlight failed,
The sky did frown, the rain came down."

—Glen Perrins.

"We Write Upon Walls"

By Lucy Goodrich Lind

Wee Pippa passed by with her paint and brush,
Just a song and an innocent face,
But her spirit sped on to hungry hearts
Where time does not erase.

She chose not an arrow but music
Though its power was to her unknown,
For its magic made new a faltering faith,
Shed light where light was flown.

In that urge, innate, expression,
'Midst throngs or in silence apart,
Let us write for good as Pippa wrote
On the walls of the human heart.

A Desert Sunset

By Gertrude Miller

'Twas evening on the desert,
The sun was sinking low,
While Nature with her paints and brush
Was making the Heavens glow.

Her background was of crimson
That shaded into gold,
The fires of molten, gleaming mass
The violet hills enfold.

Her fickle fancy wavered,
She thought it was too bright,
So ere the picture was half set
She 'rased it from our sight.

She tested out her colors
Of every known hue,
She splashed them all about her
And then began anew.

Then soon we saw a lake appear
Upon the Heavenly screen,
And in its azure, mirrored depths
Some scarlet peaks were seen.

The happy fairy painted
Until her interest waned,
Then washed it out with deepest blue
As if she were ashamed.

Then when the sun sank deeper
Behind the mountain's crest,
Dame Nature put her colors up
And glided off to rest.

Notes to the Field

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest

Announcement, 1932

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded —a first prize consisting of $20, and a second prize consisting of $10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine.* Other poems of merit not winning special awards, receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

11. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

12. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Story Contests

AS a fitting close to our two-year study of the short story, many of the stakes have conducted a story writing contest. A number of the prize winners have been sent to us. We accepted the first one that came in, but regret that we have had to return several. Our space is so limited that we can only use a few of the manuscripts submitted. We are glad to note the widespread interest in this activity.

Notes from the Field

THE "GOSPEL WAGON," RIGBY STAKE

Timpanogos Stake.

'ZADA,' the Book of Mormon play written by Neil C. Clegg, of Ogden, was presented in the Pleasant Grove High School Auditorium, March 2, 1932. The play was given under the direction of the Timpanogos Stake Relief Society board. The cast was selected from the six wards of the stake, and represented both talent and experience. The story of the play is based on the history contained in III Nephi, and was especially interesting to Relief Society members because of the study of the Book of Mormon in the lesson course. The players were exceptionally well prepared, the costumes very effective, and the lighting effect was beautiful. The house was filled to overflowing with an appreciative audience. By special request the play was repeated to a crowded house. There were in the audience visitors from the Alpine, Lehi and Kolob stakes. The stake board members who had this work in charge are to be commended for their efforts in putting before the public so effectively an entertainment of such real merit."

Rigby Stake.

THE above picture is characteristic of the faith and "stick-to-it-iveness" of the Relief Society sisters of the Bybee Ward, Rigby Stake. When the roads are impassable for autos, and impossible for sleighs, the meetings continued with a large attendance, the sisters coming in what they christened "The Gospel Wagon." Meeting was held this day at the home of Mrs. J. M. Bright. Those in the picture are: Sisters Ida Hoffman (owner and driver), Myrtle Kinghorn, Rose Chivers; second seat: Oriole Brown and daughter Bonnie, Eliza Lee; back seat: Melba Kinghorn and daughters, Lois and Mary Lee."

TREE PLANTING SERVICE, LOS ANGELES STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY

Los Angeles Stake.

A VERY impressive tree planting service was held in the early spring by the Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, in the patio of the Stake House, between the stake conference sessions, with several hundred people in attendance. The congregation sang "America," after which Stake Relief Society President Laura P. Hotaling, gave a few introductory remarks, and explained the purpose of the tree planting. Stake President Leo J. Muir gave a five minute address, mentioning several important events in the life of Washington and the appropriateness of tree planting in commemoration of the birth of the first president, as tree planting is a service for future generations. "Trees" was sung by Sister Mamie Stark. Stake President Leo J. Muir and Stake Relief Society President Laura P. Hotaling, put the first shovelsful of soil around the tree, followed by the stake board, and others. The tree planted was an incense cedar. No other tree of it's size forms so exactly tapered a pyramid. The leaves are a bright green, and in winter, when most trees are asleep, it puts forth its yellow flowers. It is invincibly beautiful and worthy of its place beside the Douglas Spruce and great pines. It frequently lives more than a thousand years. The stake board was very ably assisted in choosing the tree, and an appropriate place for planting it, by the stake representative on the High Council, Dr. John W. Freestone, and Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, W. G. Wooley.

Fremont Stake (Independence Ward).

WE have received the following report from the Independence

Ward Relief Society, of the Fremont Stake: "The faithfulness and courage of our ward Relief Society officers is well illustrated by an incident which happened in the Fremont stake during this past hard

INDEPENDENCE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, FREMONT STAKE

winter. There was a terrible blizzard on Tuesday, and the husband of one of the outlying ward presidents, told her that she could not go—the weather was far too bad. But she said that she had made the appointment for a meeting, and that

INDEPENDENCE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, FREMONT STAKE

she must try to meet it. She took the team and sleigh, and started out. The trip was a terrible one; many times the horses refused to face the storm, but Sister Thomason encouraged them onward. Three times she called for sisters, each of whom was ready and waiting to go. Finally they reached the meetinghouse, and were so thankful that they had come, for there were five sisters already at the meeting place. Each felt that she must go because the weather was so bad perhaps no one else would make the effort to meet the president. In this we see that the spirit of the pioneers is not dead, and that the sisters of today are filled with the same devotion and love of their work. After the meeting when all her members were safely home again, there was still a mile to retrace before Sister Thomason herself would be by her own fireside to warm her aching fingers and to shake off the chill that seemed to have penetrated her bones. All the remainder of the evening a happy song was singing in her heart. There was no depression of spirit when she contemplated her recent struggle, but a pride of mastery. A soul illuminated by the light of a duty accomplished even though the elements conspired against her."

Eastern States Mission (Washington, D. C., Branch).

THE Relief Society of Washington, D. C., boasts a very active organization, presided over by Margery Brown Cottam, president; Lona Stratford Hyde, first counselor; Bessie Gardner Hales, second counselor; and Bernice Manwaring, secretary. They are assisted by an able corps of officers and teachers.

"Theology class is conducted by Sister Clara Holbrook Jarvis, who was one of the first lady missionaries to be sent to England. Sister Grace

RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF WASHINGTON, D. C. BRANCH, EASTERN STATES MISSION

Stringham Colton, who was chosen to head the first Relief Society seven years ago, has conducted the literary lessons in her own unique manner. As a fitting climax to the course of study, short stories of unusual merit were written and read by several members. The social service lessons, under the direction of Verna Scott Sanford, have been made especially worthwhile through the supplementary lectures given by eminent social workers. In spite of not having a chapel, and very little equipment, the work meetings, under the guidance of Linda Simmons Overlade, have been most profitably spent. Four quilts have been pieced and quilted, three complete layettes made, and miscellaneous articles donated by members have been made over for distribution to the needy. A special sunbonnet memory quilt was embroidered and presented to the president, Sister Cottam. Sister Vera Sjodahl King, a former president and an active worker in several capacities, has been an inspiration to her corps of visiting teachers, who despite the widely scattered districts, have made an enviable record. Mary Hyde has served faithfully as *Magazine* agent; Melba C. Osmond, as chorister, with Myra Grant Wallace as her assistant, and Frances O. Berrett as organist.

"Among the officers and teachers this year are several who have acted continuously in various capacities since the beginning of the organization.

"One sad memory of the year has been the death of one of our most faithful members, Mrs. Eleanor Hodges, a convert from New York. She has been in Washington for many years, and ever since her arrival has been an active officer and member.

"The outstanding social event of

"THE ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY IN NAUVOO, SUGAR WARD, FREMONT STAKE

the year was the formal birthday reception held at the home of Hon. and Mrs. Don B. Colton. Voluntary contributions were placed in the decorative 'birthday cake' made by Sister Kate Isbell. A delicious buffet luncheon was served under the supervision of Lucille Rogerson Smith and Henrietta Bohn. Instrumental music was furnished by Ruby Epperson McQuarry, Rose Seegmiller, and Bernice Manwaring.

"Funds have been greatly augmented through the receipt of several substantial donations from L. D. S. Government workers who designated that their Community Chest contributions be forwarded to our organization. This has made possible an extensive program of relief work. The officers and members unanimously feel that a most profitable and enjoyable Relief Society year has been completed."

Boston Branch: Another very progressive branch of the Eastern States Mission is that of Boston. Many of the talented young women from the West, whose mothers are Relief Society workers, are carrying on in this city of culture and education. A delightful account came to the office of the presentation of "The Resurrection," presented by the Boston Branch Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Cantabrigia Club, Cambridge, Mass., March 27, 1932.

Not only the daughters, but the sons of Relief Society mothers, are doing their part, for in this rare musical treat, the services of Rulon Robison, son of our General President, were largely responsible for the excellence of the production.

Sugar Ward.

THE above picture is of the group of sisters who presented the little play, "The Organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo." This

happy event was in Sugar Ward, Fremont Stake, and celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of the organization. It was most realistic, and a very appropriate and delightful entertainment.

Seagulls

By Merling Dennis Clyde

Winged as the wind they wind through the skies,
White as the drifted snow,
Careening in great stately flocks they fly
Here and there, where the plow-shares go.

Screeching, screaming, they scan long rows of brown
Where weary horses plod,
Lightly, as feathers blown by wind, come down
Gracefully on the upturned sod.

God in His infinite planning so wise
Fashioned the seagulls bold,
Combined in them beauty to sail the skies
With worth to man's needs more than gold.

Beauty, utility—rare gifts have they;
Purpose behind the Plan.
God sent the Seagulls when Faith paved the way.
When asked, proved His promise to man.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XIX AUGUST, 1932 No. 8

EDITORIAL

Conformity

A YOUNG "Mormon" couple were being entertained by prominent people in an eastern city. Champagne and tobacco were refused, but when coffee was served, although they were not used to taking it, the wife whispered, "We'd better take it. They will think we are queer and not invite us again."

"Conformity," says Emerson, "is the hobgoblin of little minds." Why should people take what they believe is injurious just to conform to the usage of someone else? William Jennings Bryan gave a valuable lesson in loyalty to his beliefs and also in meeting a difficult situation cleverly when he was visiting Japan. He was attending a banquet given in honor of the admiral of the navy. After tributes had been paid to the Japanese naval leader, a toast was proposed. Glasses of champagne were lifted, but it was noted that Mr. Bryan raised a glass of water. Someone grasped his arm and whispered that such a toast would be considered an insult. The Great Commoner said to the admiral, "You won your victories on the water and I drink to your health in water. Whenever you win any victories on champagne I shall drink your health in champagne."

Could We But See Ourselves as Others See Us

ON reading in Collier's this incident regarding Rupert Hughes and Peter B. Kyne, we are reminded of the Scotch bard's quaint saying—

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

These well known men recently traveled from California to New York together. Soon after their arrival, Mr. Kyne, in speaking to a friend, said, "Rupert's one of the finest fellows in the world, but what a talker! I couldn't get a word in edgewise." A few days later, the friend met Mr. Hughes and mentioned that he had been speaking to Mr. Kyne. Mr. Hughes said, "Yes, we came across the country together. Pete's a splendid chap and I love being with him, but how he does talk! I never got a chance to open my mouth."

Go to the Mountains

ARE you, during these summer months, going to the mountains occasionally to get their tidings, to let the peace to be found there flow into your soul? If not, you are missing a rich opportunity to get refreshed, invigorated and better fitted for the cares of life that await solution. You would do well to heed John Muir's exhortation:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings,
Nature's peace will flow into you
As sunshine into trees;
The winds will blow their freshness into you
And the storms their energy
While cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Superintendent George N. Child Called

IN the death of George N. Child, Superintendent of Salt Lake City Schools, Utah loses one of her most valued sons. He had engaged in educational work all his mature life. In 1920 he left the position of State Superintendent of Schools of Utah to take up the duties of City Superintendent, and served ably and to the satisfaction of the School Board and the people from that time until his passing. He had a genius for making practical application of modern ideas on mass education with the preservation of individual development. This gained for him national recognition and he served two years as president of the Horace Mann League. He was recognized as a leader in the National Education Association and played an important part in the Superintendents' Division of the national body.

Sincere, frank, dependable, just, fair-minded, he won and held the confidence of those with whom he mingled. Progressive and aggressive, he made many changes in the schools that show his splendid leadership. Genial, with a keen sense of humor, he delighted his friends and associates.

Our readers will deeply sympathize with his devoted wife, Counselor Julia A. Child, and the children. She will have blessed memories for she and her husband were most congenial and happy. They understood each other and were considerate, tender and loving.

May Time, the great healer, bring comfort and peace to the family of this good man.

Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon

FUNERAL services for Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, sister of our board member, Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter, were held in Salt Lake City,

July 14, 1932. In her young womanhood, Dr. Cannon took an active part in furthering the cause of women and in getting better sanitation and health for the people of the city and state. She was a woman of surpassing intellect and was graduated from Ann Arbor in the medical class, and also from the University of Pennsylvania, and from the National School of Elocution and Oratory in Philadelphia. For years she practiced medicine and was also active in political life. She was the first woman to occupy a seat in the upper house of the legislature in any state in the Union. Her political activity was marked by keen thought and sparkling wit.

We extend sympathy to the family of this noted woman.

Lizzie Thomas Edward Released

THE *Relief Society Magazine* of October, 1915, has, as its frontispiece, a picture of Lizzie Thomas Edward. Mention is made, in an article following the picture, of the excellent singing in Relief Society Conferences under the direction of Sister Edward.

During all the years since that time, our Conference visitors have been inspired by Sister Edward's glorious voice, and have enjoyed the congregational singing under her leadership. Members of the Relief Society choir, which she conducted, are her most devoted admirers. All of these sisters will be grieved to learn that Sister Edward has resigned from the position of Music Director of the Relief Society General Board.

While we shall all miss her, the consolation comes that she is interested in Temple work, where her sweet spirit finds joy in service. During her whole life she has given her rare talent most generously: she has comforted those in sorrow, and has brought a cultural atmosphere to ward gatherings.

The General Board appreciates the years of loyal service of Sister Edward, and wherever she goes, she will have the love and best wishes of the General Board, the choir members and Relief Society in general. —*President Louise Y. Robison.*

Dry Facts Refute Wet Claims

AGAINST each of the major claims of the wets, answering data and arguments have been prepared and made public by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In parallel columns the general assertions of the wets have been answered by specific, concrete arguments from authoritative sources as follows:

Wet Propaganda	*Truth*
Prohibition enforcement costs the country billions of dollars.	Total cost of enforcement, 1920 to 1931, $284,156,524; collections from fines and penalties and revenues from taxes on lawful and distilled and fermented liquors, $548,588,884. The net is a balance in favor of the Government of $264,432,260.—Col. Amos W. W. Woodcock, Director of Prohibition.

Prohibition has caused an enormous economic loss.

Total national wealth in 1914 was $192,000,000,000! in 1931 it was $329,700,000,000.—National Industrial Conference Board, Feb. 20, 1932.

Repealing prohibition would put 1,000,000 men at work.

Department of Commerce reported to the Senate, Jan. 11, 1932, in 1914 only 86,000 men employed in the manufacture of liquor. "Increased employment in the brewery industry would take that much away from the soft drink trade and there would be no net gain in total employees of all industries."—Bureau of Business Research, College of the City of New York.

Beer will bring prosperity.

"To encourage the return of the saloon or even let up our efforts to control the drink trade will injure every legitimate industry in two ways: The average worker will have fewer dollars to spend for the products of industry; second the liquor trade will get more of these dollars which ought to go for useful industries."—Thomas Nixon Carver, Professor of Political Economy, Harvard University.

Beer taxed three cents a bottle would produce $1,000,000,000 a year revenue.

To raise this fabulous revenue would require a consumption of 12½ gallons of beer *daily* by every family in states permitting beer.

Repealing prohibition would permit the Government to levy an internal revenue tax on liquor amounting to $2,000,000,000 a year.

Highest liquor tax ever received was $483,000,000, which included a special war tax in 1919. Average year's liquor tax was less than 10 per cent of what wets promise.

Prohibition has lost billions of dollars in taxes to the Government.

In the first decade of prohibition, although cost of government increased as the country increased, the Government paid off billions of indebtedness and reduced income taxes.

Prohibition has increased drinking.

The Government measured the amount of hops, corn, sugar, rye, barley, etc., raised and imported, subtracted the amounts used in known legal enterprises and reported the amount of raw material left would make less than a third of the former liquor consumption.—Col. Woodcock's testimony before subcommittee of House Appropriations Committee, Jan. 21, 1932.

Bootleggers thrive on dry vote.

Every corrupt city administration in America has been elected on *wet tickets.*

—Published by permission, *Christian Science Monitor,* March 24, 1932.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Doctrine and Covenants

(First Week in October)

Nature and Origin of the Revelations

1. The book of Doctrine and Covenants comprises a series of Divine revelations given to the world in the latter days principally through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet. These revelations bear the same general relation to the modern world that the Jewish scriptures bear to the people of earlier times. The Bible however is largely a historical narrative enriched with theological instruction, whereas the Doctrine and Covenants consists almost exclusively of the direct word of the Lord to his people.

2. *A Modern Scripture.* The Doctrine and Covenants is therefore typically a modern scripture, especially designed to meet the needs of latter days. Some of the information it contains is a restatement in simpler form of certain principles and ordinances revealed in olden times; it also contains a vast fund of information concerning which earlier scriptures are largely or wholly silent. The Doctrine and Covenants is therefore characteristically a super-structure built upon the foundation of the former word of God to his people. It accordingly not only affirms the doctrines taught in the earlier scriptures but it meets the needs of modern times, and thus carries its adherents still closer to a complete understanding of the Gospel of the Master.

3. *Classification of the Revelations.* In general the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants are addressed either to individuals or to the Church as a whole. Not uncommonly, however, the revelations intended for individuals contain information applicable to the entire Church. Likewise the revelations to the Church often contain instructions for individuals. Accordingly a clear-cut classification of the revelations even into the two groups mentioned is not in every case possible.

4. *Revelations to Individuals.* Before the rule and order of the Church had been established, numerous interested persons who desired to know what the Lord expected of them requested Joseph Smith to make inquiry for them, as a result of which many revelations addressed to individuals were received. This occurred both before and for some time after the Church was organized. More than one-fourth of the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants are thus directed to individuals. As illustrative of such revelations received before the Church was organized, see Section 4, given in 1829 through Joseph Smith the Prophet to his father. The revelation declares that a marvelous work is about to come forth, that the field is white already to the harvest, that if he (Joseph Smith, Sr.) desired to serve the Lord he was called to the work, and that faith, hope, and charity, with an eye single to the glory of God, are quali-

fying factors for the service. The revelation follows with a charge to various virtues including faith, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, and diligence. It closes with the oft-repeated promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Surely such a message should bring rejoicing both to the father who received it and to the dutiful son through whom it was divinely given.

5. Other somewhat similar revelations received before the organization of the Church are contained in Sections 8 and 9, to Oliver Cowdery; Section 11, to Hyrum Smith; Section 14, to David Whitmer. The student will do well to become familiar with the content and purpose of these instructions.

6. Numerous individual revelations were also given after the Church was founded. As illustrations, see Section 25, to Emma Smith; Section 28, to Oliver Cowdery; Section 31, to Thomas B. Marsh; and Section 126, to Brigham Young. Careful reading will disclose the especial purposes for which they were given.

7. *Revelations to the Church.* The revelations addressed to the Church as a whole deal with a wide variety of subjects. Early in the history of the Church the Prophet's greatest need was information concerning its organization and management. Accordingly many of the revelations deal with these subjects. Section 20, for example, discusses Church Organization and Government; Section 18, the Twelve Apostles; Section 84, the Priesthood; Section 102, the High Council, etc.

8. On the other hand, other revelations contain information concerning doctrinal aspects of the Church; some are concerned more or less exclusively with this matter. As examples of the latter, attention is called to Section 19, which has to do largely with the Atonement; Section 46, with gifts of the spirit; Section 76, with future glories, and Section 128, with baptism for the dead.

9. Still another class of revelations deals with the movements of the Church, also with more or less temporal matters. For example, Section 124 commands the building of the Nauvoo temple; Section 60 directs Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Sidney Rigdon to leave for a mission; Section 47 calls John Whitmer to the office of Church historian; Section 3 gives instruction concerning the loss of certain Book of Mormon manuscript; and Section 83 embodies a statement relating to the claims of widows and orphans upon the Church.

10. *Miscellaneous Revelations.* In addition to the foregoing, the Doctrine and Covenants contains numerous statements of a miscellaneous nature, relating, for example, to the origin and nature of life (131:7, 8), the basis of human rewards (130:20,21), the civil war in America (130:12, 13), the glory of God (93:36), eternity of the marriage covenant (132:19), etc. Indeed, it is information of this nature that characterizes the Doctrine and Covenants as one of the greatest books of all time. The book touches practically every phase of human existence and transcends in point of clarity and deepness of thought any other revelation given of God to man. It is truly a Divine scripture to the modern world.

11. *Words of Heavenly Messengers.* The manner in which the revelations were received is known only in part. Moreover, not all were received in the same way. Section

2, for example, which is the oldest revelation in the book, is an exact statement of the words of the angel Moroni to the youthful Prophet on the night of September 21, 1823. Joseph's own account of the visitation is in part as follows: "After telling me these things, he commenced quoting the prophecies of the Old Testament. He first quoted part of the third chapter of Malachi, and he quoted also the fourth or last chapter of the same prophecy, though with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bibles. * * He quoted it thus: 'For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble; for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.' And again, he quoted the fifth verse thus: 'Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.' He also quoted the next verse differently: 'And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming'." (*History of the Church,* Vol. 1, p. 12)

12. The revelation recorded as Section 13 is also an exact reproduction of the words of a heavenly personage. Speaking of the occasion in May of 1829 when he and Oliver Cowdery were importuning the Lord for information concerning the ordinance of baptism, Joseph Smith says: "While we were thus employed, praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying." The words recorded in Section 13 are then repeated. (*History of the Church,* Vol. 1, p. 39.)

13. It is not improbable that Section 27 also embodies essentially the identical words spoken to Joseph Smith by a heavenly messenger. The Prophet records that "Early in the month of August (1830) Newel Knight and his wife paid us a visit at my place in Harmony, Pennsylvania; and as neither his wife nor mine had been as yet confirmed, it was proposed that we should confirm them, and partake together of the Sacrament, before he and his wife should leave us. In order to prepare for this I set out to procure some wine for the occasion, but had gone only a short distance when I was met by a heavenly messenger, and received the following revelation [Section 27], the first four paragraphs of which were written at this time, and the remainder in the September following." (*History of the Church,* Vol. 1, p. 106). It is evident also that Section 110 contains the direct statement of certain heavenly personages who visited the Kirtland temple shortly after its dedication.

14. *The Urim and Thummin.* The Urim and Thummin, employed extensively by Joseph Smith in the translation of the Book of Mormon, were also used by him in receiving many of the earlier revelations. At least the following were received in this manner: Section 3, 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. 1, pp. 22, 23, 33, 44, 45, 49, 53.) After the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed (1829) the Urim and Thummin are seldom mentioned in connection with the receiving of revelations. It is well known to the Latter-day Saints that the translation of the Book of Mormon by means of the Urim and

Thummin was not merely a perfunctory matter but was accomplished only by means of intense intellectual and spiritual effort. Doubtless the same attitude was essential in connection with the receiving of revelations. God is always pleased to reward those who diligently serve him, but he makes no promise to the idler or the indisposed.

15. An illustration in point is the case of Oliver Cowdery who had failed in his attempts at translation even after the gift had been granted unto him in response to request. A trenchant criticism at the hand of the Lord is contained in the following words: "Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. But, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right." (Doc. and Cov., Section 9:7, 8.)

16. *Direct Inspiration.* There appears to be little room for doubt that the Prophet received most of his revelations as the result of intense intellectual and spiritual concentration, without the use of any intermediate means. His statement to the effect that "The veil was taken from our minds, and the eyes of our understanding were opened" (Section 110:1) bears witness of this fact. He further states that the visions at times rolled like an overflowing surge before his mind, and that the still small voice often times "maketh my bones to quake." (Doc. and Cov. 85:6.) When the spirit of God burns within a human being there is no mistaking its influence.

17. *Manner in which some of the Revelations were Received.* Some of the revelations were received in the presence of witnesses. Section 29 for example contains a revelation inspired in the presence of six Elders. Elder Parley P. Pratt who was present when the revelation contained in Section 50 was received has left the following statement explanatory of the manner in which it and other revelations were given. "Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded by an ordinary writer in long hand. This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each." (Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, pp. 65-66.)

18. The foregoing statement should be supplemented by one of Elder B. H. Roberts to the effect that "some of the early revelations first published in the 'Book of Commandments,' in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given. The addition of verses 65, 66 and 67 in Section XX of the Doctrine and Covenants is an example." (*History of the Church,* Vol. 1, p. 173.)

Teachers' Topic

The Beatitudes

Aim: To enable us to more fully appreciate the Beatitudes, and to apply their beautiful truths to our daily lives.

During the early part of His public ministry, high up in the hills of Galilee, overlooking the sea, Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount to His disciples and the multitude. It is His longest public discourse recorded, and contains some of the best known and most loved of His teachings. The talk was given with the utmost solemnity, while the Master sat, as was the custom then, on such occasions. It made a profound impression on those fortunate listeners, as it has done, also, on subsequent generations. It is a specimen of the general tenor of our Lord's teaching, "every syllable of it He had already written down in deeds." "He not only taught the gospel, He was the Gospel." He had been healing the sick, and then after a night spent in prayer (Luke 6:12), He gave this beautiful and practical sermon.

The Beatitudes are a well known part of this Sermon, and form an authoritative moral code, or ideal. They contain "the heart of the Master's teachings, and show His spirit and way of life." They furnish a true picture of the "Man of Galilee," a sort of autobiography of His real life. A real disciple of Christ should have a character made up of these traits. The Beatitudes show men where, and how to obtain happiness, as the word "blessed" is translated to mean happy. "Blessedness is higher than happiness. Happiness is dependent on circumstances; blessedness is a fountain of joy in the soul itself, which no outward circumstances can seriously affect."

It seems an appropriate time to consider carefully these beautiful and comforting truths, which are as real today as when they were given by our Savior.

The first four are individual or personal—relating to man's inner life. The remainder are social—dealing with man's relations to other men.

Beatitudes:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:3.

What is meant in this first Beatitude—being "poor in spirit?" Is it not humility, which renders us teachable, and eager to learn, with the resultant joy of development and growth? They who feel themselves spiritually poor, approach God, asking Him to supply their needs. Poverty of spirit is opposite to pride, self-righteousness and self-conceit. It is quite different from poverty of outward circumstances. They who have faith in Him learn of His laws, and try diligently to obey them, and thus prepare themselves to enter His kingdom. "This is the consummation of blessedness, real, yet waiting to be realized."

Jesus opened the blessed life to all His children, even the simple and uneducated. There are no class distinctions among the poor in spirit. He mingled among men, and ministered unto them, and they flocked around Him. "All people were very

attentive to hear Him." Luke 19:48.

"If one thing more than another marks the life of the Savior, it is His intense, yet sane, love for his fellowmen. In every act of His life, He reveals His great hearted solicitude for them. Particularly toward the weak and lowly were His sympathies shown." Art of Teaching—Driggs.

References:
Proverbs 29:23.
Isaiah 57:15.
Matthew 7:21; 23:12; 18:3.
Luke 18:9-15
III Nephi 2:33.
Doctrine and Covenants 56:18.

Literature

(Third Week in October)

THE DELIGHT OF GREAT BOOKS

"There is something constant in human nature. There are facts of life which do not depend upon fashion for existence, nor upon philosophy for their importance."—*Erskine.*

Every man wants to know more of life than lies within his grasp. There is no better source of satisfaction for this "divine discontent" than literature affords, because the source of all literature is human experience. The writer of a book is an interpreter. He selects from life such experiences as seem to him noteworthy, or beautiful, or true. Hence it is life itself we shall better understand by reading great books.

As one writer has said: "Literature, then, is within you. The Masters only bring it out. It is to your soul that they cry 'Open Sesame'." It is through art that man has found an outlet. The expression of an artist is the adjustment of the individual to "that tension called life." "It is by art and by religion men have always sought rest," says Havelock Ellis, speaking as truthfully for the participant as for the creator. To feel deeply about life is not only the characteristic of the artist but also of the reader; the first finds delight in creation, the second finds delight in discovery.

How then shall the individual find the royal road to the delight of great books? To the inexperienced traveler on the literary highway, the "stop signs" of literary critics are immensely significant. They have the power to guide him out of the baffling labyrinth of small arterials to the main highway of literature. A literary critic today assumes a great responsibility, because there is so much to choose from and so many to please. In accepting the guidance of a critic one must feel assured of his sincerity, his faithfulness to his art, his ability to evaluate life. How simple and appealing is this advice of John Erskine, literary critic and commentator: "Read great books without any other preparation than life has given you. The authors of great books assumed in their readers an experience of life and an interest in human nature, nothing more."

It was the confidence inspired by John Erskine's essay, "The Delight of Great Books," that led to the selection of the book as the literary guide and interpreter for the coming season's work in literature for the women of the National Woman's

Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

John Erskine:

John Erskine, author, musician, scholar, and teacher, is Scotch in ancestry and American in idealism. He has been teaching and writing for twenty-five years. Scholars from all over the world go to Columbia University for the message he embodies in his lectures on literature. During the World War, he was educational director of the American Expeditionary Forces at the University of Beaune, France. In 1919 he was made Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. For many years John Erskine has been a frequent contributor to the following magazines as a commentator of life, literature, and manners: *American Mercury, Bookman, Century, Current Opinion, Delineator, Etude, North American Review, Outlook, Saturday Review of Literature.* He was co-editor of the Cambridge History of American Literature 1917-1919. As a musician of exceptional ability with a special interest in adult-education in music, Mr. Erskine has been connected with Boston Conservatory of Music during recent years.

In an interesting close-up Robert Davis describes John Erskine thus: "A noble profile gilded with mirth, here is imagination, intellect, and vision." Mr. Erskine writes with smooth adequacy, keen wit, friendly satire, and flashes of delicious irony. His literary works include stories, novels, dramas, poems, and essays. The early novels are: "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Sir Galahad," "Adam and Eve," "Penelope's Man." In these novels the author has touched the immortal legends with a penetration and a humor so that these mighty people "take on a humanity more endearing than any amount of godhood." They hold the mirror up to our natures and we see ourselves and this modern world deliciously criticized.

The essays of John Erskine critical and familiar, are in the main upon Life, Literature, Books, Authors. The outstanding essays are included in the following: "The Moral Obligations to be Intelligent," "The Kinds of Poetry," "The Literary Discipline," "American Character," "The Delight of Great Books." A few quotations will best serve to demonstrate the immense understanding of human nature and the brilliant repartee of the author.

Education—"Teaching is a process of companionship and silent encouragement. * * * Keep away from young minds unless you have something stimulating to impart."

Culture—"Culture is the bouquet, the aroma of experience. * * * It is a happy dispensation of nature that we can refine our qualities and gifts by using them."

Intelligence—"The intelligence that changes most fears into opportunity is most divine."

Service—"The service we dream of is such education, such religion, such science as will increase in all men the abundance of life."

The Delight of Great Books:

"The Delight of Great Books" is a series of essays which discuss the aspects which have made immortal the following great books: "Canterbury Tales," "Le Morte D'Arthur," "The Faerie Queen," "Romeo and Juliet," "Paradise Lost," Walter Scott, "Don Juan," "Moby Dick," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Huckleberry Finn," "Candida," Modern Irish Poetry.

A great book never grows old, it grows greater. Each great civilization has produced only a few great books with the exception of the Greeks. The sacred books embodying the religious teachings of

the world take the first place; the great epic poems recording the life and ideals of great civilizations rank next; the great dramas and novels reflecting life are given third place. There are not many in all. In many cases it has taken generations to find a great book. We are still discovering Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. The words of Job take grander meanings each time we read them, because the great poet spoke only universal truth thousands of years ago. The same holds true of the works of all great writers. And so the book that we enjoy the first time will unfold new meanings with each reading until we begin to find the wisdom of life embodied there, then and only then comes the greatest delight in a great book.

The Bible:

"Born in the East and clothed in Oriental form and imagery, the Bible walks the ways of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes into the palace to tell the monarch that he is a servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is a son of God. Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. Its oracles are repeated in the assembly of the people, and its counsels whispered in the ear of the lonely. The wicked and the proud tremble at its warning, but to the wounded and the penitent it has a mother's voice. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad by it, and the fire on the hearth has lit the reading of its well-worn page. It has woven itself into our deepest affections and colored our dearest dreams; so that love and friendship, sympathy and devotion, memory and hope, put on the beautiful garments of its treasured speech, breathing of frankincense and myrrh.

"Above the cradle and beside the grave its great words come to us uncalled. They fill our prayers with power larger than we know, and the beauty of them lingers on our ear long after the sermons which they adorned have been forgotten. They return to us swiftly and quietly, like doves flying from far away. They surprise us with new meanings, like springs of water breaking forth from the mountain beside a long-trodden path. They grow richer, as pearls do when they are worn near the heart.

"No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own. When the landscape darkens and the trembling pilgrim comes to the Valley named of the Shadow, he is not afraid to enter; he takes the rod and staff of Scripture in his hand; he says to friend and comrade, 'Good-by; we shall meet again;' and comforted by that support, he goes toward the lonely pass as one who walks through darkness into light." —"Companionable Books," Henry Van Dyke.

St. Jerome long ago called the Bible "A divine library." Today the Bible is recognized as, not one book, but a library, consisting of sixty-six books bound together. Practically every kind of literature is included in it—history, biography, essay, epistle, drama, oratory, lyric poetry, and law both civil and ecclesiastical.

There are three ways in which we may approach the Bible: As the word of God to teach us what to

believe and how to live; as a collection of historical books reflecting the circumstances under which they were produced; as literature—"a noble and impassioned interpretation of nature and life, uttered in language of beauty and sublimity, touched with the vivid colors of human personality, and embodied in forms of enduring literary art." To the lover of the Bible the divine is revealed in any approach.

John Milton whose love of the Bible was as exalted as his poetic powers has paid this tribute to the Book of Psalms, the sublime in Hebraic poetry: "Not in their divine arguments alone, but in the art of composition, the Psalms may be easily made to appear over all kinds of lyric poetry incomparable." The Psalms or praise songs was the hymn-book of the Jews. It is not the work of a single author but a golden treasury of lyrics of man's communion with God from the beginning of time. The chief characteristic of the Psalms is their spirituality: the love of nature; the beauty of holiness; the intense joy in God.

"The Book of Job" has been called "the world's great book." Carlyle justifies his estimate of the drama of Job in the fact that it teaches a workable philosophy of life—"Love not pleasure; love God." The drama handles the oldest and the most insoluble problem that men have ever tried to solve—the mystery of evil. The literary method of the book is unique. Instead of an abstract philosophical discussion, we see the actual portrayal of an individual, so righteous that God testifies to his integrity, suffering bereavement, poverty, and mortal pain. Job does not find a solution to the mystery of evil; he discovers a great truth—the love of God is not the result of hope of reward. Day by day the significance of the universal message of the drama of Job is growing in greatness.

The Hebrews unconsciously discovered the art of the short story. The beautiful stories of Ruth, Jonah, and Esther, are evidence of this. The stories were not the mere indulgence of imagination or entertainment, but always to teach a great lesson; a lesson of tolerance as in the story of Ruth; to give a higher conception of God as in the story of Jonah; to encourage patriotism as in the story of Esther.

A vast body of Hebrew wisdom is collected in the Book of Proverbs. This collection might be designated as a code of living, as it gives expression to ideas of profound insight. Much wisdom is also contained in the Book of Ecclesiastes, a discussion in essay form on the purpose of life. Lyman Abbot, a great Bible student, comments on the book: "Thus the Book of Ecclesiastes portrays the complicated experiences of life; the monologues portray the conflict of a single soul at war with himself, weighing the contrasted experiences of life over against one another.

"No other book in all the world reflects so many aspects of human experience as the Bible. It is this vital quality in the narratives, the poems, the allegories, the meditations, the discourses, the letters gathered in this book that gives it first place among the books of the world not only for currency, but also for greatness."

"No other book in the world has had such influence on human life as the Bible. It would be impossible to record the works of art recording thoughts and emotions having origin in the Bible—all sculpture like Michelangelo's "Moses;" all paint-

ing like Raphael's "Sistine Madonna;" all music like Handel's "Messiah;" all literature like Milton's "Paradise Lost."

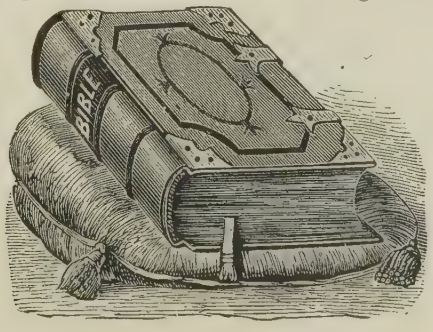
It would be impossible to measure the influence of the Bible upon literature. Many authors have given their efforts to this illuminating problem as "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible," "The Bible in Browning," "The Bible in Tennyson." Then there are the great masterpieces directly dependent upon Bible influence as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," "A Death in the Desert." The largest and most varied influence is the indirect influence as literature in all its forms reflects life in all its phases and man in his attempt to fulfil the measure of his creator and attain immortality.

Suggestions for Study:

a. Materials.
   1. The Delight of Great Books, Erskine.
   2. The Bible.
   3. Companionable Books, Van Dyke.
   4. The Greatest Books in the World, Porter.
   5. Life and Literature, Hearn.

b. Projects.
   It will be noted in the lessons as they are prepared for this course, the customary questions have been eliminated. The project has been substituted for the questions. The purpose of the project is to provide enrichment and added enjoyment. Some of the projects can be used for the opening program, the music and reading, thus making an interesting coordinated unit for the meeting. Also the several projects can be given the members, and thus bring into participation many members other than the class leader.
   1. The Bible in Art.
   2. The Bible in Music.
   3. The Bible in Literature.
   4. The Story of Job.
   5. The Story of Ruth.
   6. Intimate Sketch of John Erskine.

c. Method.
   The title of the guide book reveals the approach—to create a delight in great books. Never has there been a greater opportunity for the literature course than today. The tensions of life were never more complex. We, the mothers, the women, who are called upon to meet the tensions for self and for loved ones, need help and encouragement. This succor must come, not from an escape from reality but from a greater understanding of life. The lessons in literature can perform this great mission if they are made simple and human, breathing the things of the spirit.



Social Service

Conduct Control Problems Related to Child Health and Protection

(Fourth Week in October)

I. Child Care in History

At the opening of the White House Conference in Washington in 1930, President Hoover said.

"We approach all problems of childhood with affection. Theirs is the province of joy and good humor. They are the most wholesome part of the race, the sweetest, for they are fresher from the hands of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous, we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us; a life of defense against their terrifying energy; we put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering of devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they will meet.

"The fundamental purpose of this conference is to set forth an understanding of those safeguards which will assure to them health in mind and body. There are safeguards and services to childhood which can be provided by the community, the State, or the Nation—all of which are beyond the reach of the individual parent. We approach these problems in no spirit of diminishing the responsibilities and values or invading the sanctities of those primary safeguards to child life—their homes and their mothers. After we have determined every scientific fact, after we have erected every public safeguard, after we have constructed every edifice for education or training or hospitalization or play, yet all these things are but a tithe of the physical, moral, and spiritual gifts which motherhood gives and home confers. None of these things carry that affection, that devotion of soul, which is the great endowment from mothers. Our purpose here today is to consider and give our mite of help to strengthen her hand that her boy and girl may have a fair chance."

This attitude toward assuring children their "province of joy and good humor" has not always been characteristic of this world of ours. Throughout the report of the White House conference there are allusions to historical comparisons.

The aim of this lesson is to build an appreciative background from a brief historical lesson for the interpretation of the problems in the course. No movement looking forward to social changes can be thoroughly understood by people who have no feeling for its place in the general progressive development of the world.

Suggestions on procedure:

The class teacher can call attention to the allusions in the "White House Conference, 1930," report. Each one can be read and explained. Where the explanation is difficult reference can be made to the material given below. The whole process should be an introductory class study leading to a feeling of the value of recent attempts to give children better care and training. It is not intended that the facts in the lesson be memorized formally.

The Allusions:

Charity and community-parental responsibility, p. 16.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents," p. 18.

Aristotle and the Greeks, p. 134.

Earlier Civilizations, p. 153.

A good procedure might be to have the class members bring their magazines to class and read together the following material. The general impression so gained will make clear the above allusions. Or the various topics could be assigned in advance to individuals for study and report. The class period would then be used for making reports and asking and answering questions. Local laws and their enforcement

in each community should be carefully considered. Note questions in the supplementary material.

Supplementary Material:

1. Children in earlier civilizations. History begins with the fact that children were welcome. To become parents was almost universally a great honor and childless couples were often made the objects of social disrespect. But children were a means to economic protection in old age and the perpetuation of the family name in civic activities. Boys were more welcome than girls. Humanitarianism in child care was relatively unknown. It was a test of vitality to survive. Mortality was enormous. In most countries the children were cared for wholly by the women until past the age of five or six or seven, and in Persia it was openly stated that this was to save the father from acquaintanceship with his offspring and subsequent sorrow in case the child died. Infanticide was common in most countries.

The bilogical parental interest in children was manifest in their care. The crude feeding, the often severe education, the peculiar and unhealthful type of dress such as swaddling cloths, and other customs were the products of the general lack of knowledge of the times. Children played. In every country toys, games, festivals, etc., are mentioned frequently. From the graves of children, dolls, pottery, grotesque animals, and other playthings have been recovered. Religious ceremonials and mystic rites were practiced for the children in all countries. Parental obedience was rigidly enforced until early adolescence in most countries when ceremonies released the parent from responsibility and the child from his allegiance. The beginnings of the historical life of Jesus at twelve years is an expression of this release at adolescence. The social resentment among the people when the children were brought before Jesus indicates how little consideration was given them in civic affairs. Jesus' startling declaration "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" was an unusual doctrine.

As the middle ages laid the foundation for our later civilizations certain trends became common. The natural tendencies of childhood were looked upon as evil. Child training was therefore a process of disciplining, hardening, and overcoming these childish ways. Feeding, housing and dressing, except among the high classes were often crudely and illy done. Children in the early colonies were made to stand up and eat hurriedly so they would be out of the way. The children must learn to go without. Punishments for the most minor offenses were severe and cruel because the child needed correction and "bringing up." Children were made to work at an early age and often very hard. Schooling was not common. Such as was provided was formal, literary in content, and often enforced with the dunce stool, lash and other means of physical pain. Courtesy meant being like an adult, not like a child. The child characters in the literature of the period show the effects of these customs. Children went without hats to harden them and their feet were wet or uncared for to toughen them. The children played, but not freely nor happily. Laws and orders prohibited play in the streets or noise or interference with religious devotions. Throughout the period every plan seemed to be to depress children.

Laws were passed in the American colonies against swimming, but not

skating. Children were forbidden to sleigh ride. Toys were found in great variety. Child mortality was high. The childhood diseases were common and terrible. Youth grew up in an atmosphere of fear both regarding this world and the next.

2. Modern Developments: Four movements have marked development toward our own better day. Child labor control, compulsory education, welfare work, development of child psychology.

Child Labor:

Questions: Are children employed in mills, factories, stores, etc., in your community? Under what conditions do children do farm work in your community? What are the hours and days of labor? Is the physical welfare of the child safeguarded? Does such labor deny the children educational opportunities?

The problem is not the incidental employment of children in the home. It is the question of the regular employment of children in gainful pursuits at the sacrifice of education, play and recreation, and the right to grow physically in a normal way. It is the problem of using children by parents or employers as a means of economic profit. Until the middle of the nineteenth century the details are full of horror. Gradually conditions have improved until by 1929 all of the American states except two had minimum age laws and regulations of the conditions of employment and school attendance. Two-thirds of the states require physical examinations of all employed children. Federal child labor legislation has failed in America because of constitutional limitations. Two laws have been declared unconstitutional. In 1924 Congress passed a constitutional amendment which would give the government power to regulate the employment of children under eighteen years of age. This has been ratified by only five states. It is still pending.

The development of laws to protect children has been long and world wide. In England as early as 1802 a law was passed to humanize the labor and living conditions of the pauper children, many of whom were in the factories at seven years of age. As late as 1833 children were found working fifteen hours a day. Regulations of hours of labor, prohibition of night work, requirements of the simplest elements of sanitation, part time school attendance all came by the end of the nineteenth century.

Compulsory School Attendance: Blanchard says:

"From the era when the public conscience was first aroused against child labor, the laws of compulsory school attendance have been bequeathed to our own times."[1] (Blanchard: "The Child and Society," p. 114.)

The first child labor law in America was passed in Massachusetts in 1842. Ten years later the same state passed the first modern compulsory education law.

Schooling had at first been wholly a voluntary opportunity furnished by parents who could provide it. Then came charitable efforts to make education available for the poor children. These movements were later partly supported by the public. By 1825 it had become clearly recognized that taxation for schools was fair and right and the campaign for tax-supported schools was on. The principle involved was generally accepted by the time of the Civil War in America. Opportunities for education were opened up to boys and girls alike. Then began the struggle to guarantee school training as against parental selfish-

ness or neglect and against the industrial exploitation of children at the expense of education. The demand for schooling in order to build citizenship had created the school facilities. Patriotism and citizenship demanded that children attend school. Laws to require this gradually appeared. Nineteen states had such legislation by 1883; six more by 1890. At the present time every state in the United States has a compulsory education law which assures to every child school opportunities up to a minimum amount or a given age.

Charity and Welfare Agencies:

At the beginning of the nineteenth century dependent and destitute children were given to families at their homes, farmed out to the lowest bidder, cared for by a contract method by the lowest bidder, supported in almshouses, or indentured or bound out as workers to responsible persons. The common rules for indenture indicated the dangers involved. Such rules almost always provided that the indentured servant must receive maintenance and vocational instruction and must not be injured or mistreated. Private orphanages and other charities were developing. In 1797 the society for the relief of poor widows with small children was organized in New York City. This was among the first such charitable institutions to give relief in the homes rather than create institutions. The first half century following was marked by some developments in medical care and schooling in the institutions, a reduction in the tendency to farm children out and a fixing of ages of from ten to twelve as the youngest at which children could become indentured servants.

The removal of children from the poor-houses or alms houses marked the period following the Ohio law of 1866 which provided for tax supported homes to care for needy children. There was rapid growth in the number of these public institutions and in the formulated relationships with the then rapidly developing public school system. Under this plan also developed the more humane system of family placement and adoption in place of the more cruel binding-out of children or apprenticeship. Just preceding 1900 there developed the ideal of prevention of destitution and dependency by the temporary relief of the home. The first mothers' pension laws were passed by Missouri and Illinois in 1911.

A different type of problem is created by the child who is neglected somewhat wilfully by parents. The interference of government in such cases was recognized before 1800. By 1825 it was generally agreed that it is the right and duty of public authorities to intervene in cases of parental cruelty or neglect and to remove the children by force if necessary.

As early as 1819 a voluntary society for the prevention of pauperism called attention to the terrible conditions of children in prisons without any plan for segregation. In 1823 a society for the reformation of juvenile delinquents was organized and in 1825 a house of refuge was established for this purpose. A similar institution was organized by the city of Boston in 1826. The movement spread to cities and states. The first state institution was in Massachusetts in 1847. By 1856 the idea of the cottage plan of organization was developing, to be followed later by open grounds, the removal of bars and bolts, and the adoption of our fine educational systems for retrieving the delinquent

child and restoring him to citizenship. The probation plan began about 1869 and developed rapidly about 1900. The first American court devoted wholly to children's cases seems to have been established in Chicago in 1899. All of the states now have separate juvenile court laws.

Very recently mental hygiene has become a prominent problem of study in connection with the care of children. School programs and juvenile court work are based on facts concerning the entire child. Efforts are made to locate the problem children as early as possible. The visiting teacher movement is an expression of this interest. The use of visiting teachers began in 1906 in connection with settlement house work. Gradually these workers are becoming regular parts of our public child welfare staffs.

On the positive side the development away from prohibition of play to public provision of opportunities for play have been interesting. From 1890 to 1900 charity began to provide playgrounds for children. By 1910 city departments on parks and recreation began to appear. The Playground and Recreation Association of America, founded in 1907, has been active both in promoting this movement and in directing its growth.

The Scientific Study of Children:

The break with the philosophy which controlled the conduct toward children in the middle centuries came in the opening sentences of the "Emile" by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Everything is good as it comes from the hands of God, everything degenerates in the hands of man."

In 1795 Desessartz, a French physician, wrote:

"I have no other interest in composing this (treatise) than to be useful to the great number of children, victims of a routine the more dangerous because it is that of women who do not know how to do what they have to do, and who believe themselves homicides if in their treatment of their nurslings they dare to leave out or change anything from the conduct of their mothers,"[2] (Quoted by Forest: "Preschool Education," p. 136.)

The present century has been marked by unusually rapid developments in the scientific study of children. The use of the diary or genetic type of child study has developed. Thorndike developed an experimental technique for studying animals which has been applied with remarkable success to the study of small children. The field of mental testing has developed and has been extended down to include somewhat accurate measures at three months of age. The method of psychoanalysis, while not as objective or reliable as the ones just mentioned, has been helpful especially in directing attention to the permanent effect of certain early experiences of children. The mental hygiene movement directs attention to the fact that the whole child adjusts to its whole environment. It utilizes all of the techniques of study that have been developed. Today therefore mothers can know how to do the things they have to do.

"Among these recent developments some of the most striking belong to the field of child welfare. During the present century the State has taken a more intimate and effective interest in the well-being of the child than ever before. Public-health work has succeeded in adding several years to the child's life. The juvenile-court movement and mental hygiene have helped to combat disorders of conduct. A totally new conception of public relief work has succeeded in preventing much child dependency and in treating the remainder in a more humane manner. An altogether changed conception of the school has brought it into

closer relationship with life and has been preparing the child for his vocation in a more adequate manner. Altogether the newer interest of the State in the social problems of childhood constitutes a most remarkable chapter in the Twentieth Century's story of Achievement."[3] (Furfey: "Social Problems of Childhood," pp. 1-2.)

The better economic conditions under which children are raised, the wealth of scientific knowledge concerning childhood and the idealism of western civilization all inspire better trained parents to give children the best care ever known in history.

References:

1. Blanchard: "The Child and Society," p. 114.
2. Forest: "Preschool Education," p. 136.
3. Furfey: "Social Problems of Childhood," pp. 1-2.
"The Children's Charter," *Relief Society Magazine*, May, 1931.

A Prayer

By Dora B. Knowland

I ask of God one boon; no more.
I need no more, if He
In infinite omnipotence
Shall grant this one to me:

Let me be faithful to myself
And those who must depend
Upon my strong fidelity,
My husband, child, or friend.

Give me but strength to keep that faith,
To follow duty's line.
I'll need not ask for beauty, then,
For beauty will be mine.

I'll need not ask for wealth of gold
Nor gifts of luxury,
For earnest striving, day by day,
Will bring content to me.

Procrastination

By Ella J. Coulam

I found in my cupboard one morning
A neat little package of seeds.
I blushed with shame when I saw them,
For I had a garden of weeds!

I thought of the lovely flowers
To cheer the lonely and sad,
Those seeds could bring forth in my garden
To make some aching heart feel glad.

I thought of kind words left unspoken,
Sealed up in the depths of my heart;
Of the joy and cheer and gladness
Those words to a friend could impart.

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